

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE STRANGE AND FATAL LOVE
OF RED HILL FOR NIAGARA

By Sidney Katz

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A MOVIE STAR
BY ROBERT RYAN

Maurice Richard BY TRENT FRAYNE



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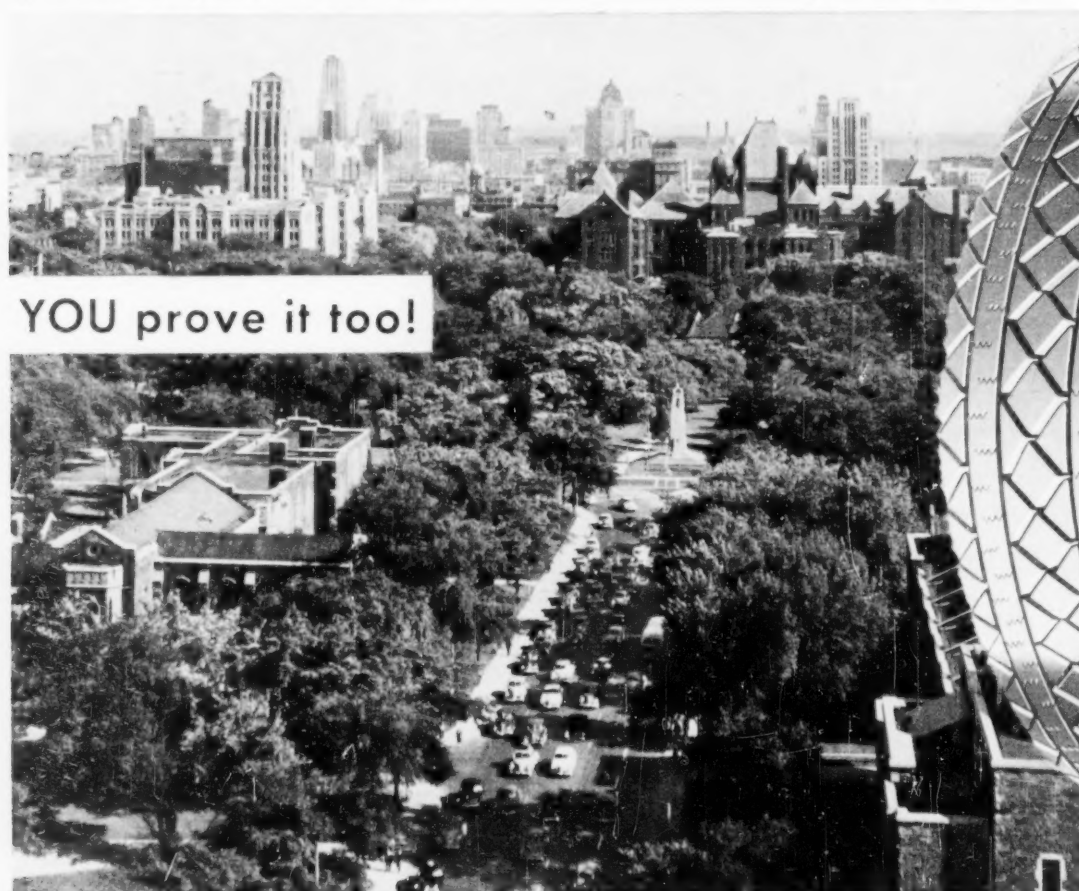


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EDITORIAL

THE WEST'S SUCCESSSES STILL OUTWEIGH ITS FAILURES

NO ONE WHO READS this page will need reminding that when the tiny, veto-less voices of the editors and elevator operators are raised amid the definitive clamor of the statesmen and generals, Maclean's seldom votes with the Pollyanna bloc. Much of the time, we're about as scared and despondent as we could be. We'd be tempted to stage a walkout from the assembly of mankind—if we only knew where to go.

Failing any avenue of escape, it sometimes seems that the only sensible thing for us editors and elevator operators to do is to stick around and keep our fingers crossed for the statesmen and generals. Viewed on that basis, we're inclined to think things might be worse. Viewed on that basis, we can see a better-than-outside chance that the world will still settle down into a safe and livable place and that it will settle down without another war.

Those who stand for a safe and livable world—and in this category we include most, if not all, of the statesmen and generals who live on this side of the Iron Curtain—haven't been doing nearly as badly as is sometimes supposed. The supposition of doom is based on a number of intermediate suppositions, many of which are clearly false.

We lament, for instance, that Western democracy has "lost" Asia. This is almost pure nonsense. We never had Asia, for one thing. For another thing, we've made a certain amount of progress toward winning it. It's true that Communism has come into possession of China; it's not true that democracy has been dispossessed. The feeble, corrupt, incompetent regime of Chiang Kai-shek bears no resemblance to democracy and never did. In the rest of Asia we've done astonishingly well. Japan, even a defeated and disarmed Japan, is still the strongest nation in the Orient—strongest because the Japanese are competent. Japan has been converted in six years from a fierce enemy to a quiet, if wary, friend. No Communist achievement in Asia comes anywhere close to equaling this American achievement.

There are other heartening signs in Asia. India and Pakistan were captive colonies of Britain for two hundred years. Ten years ago it would have been logical to expect them to break away violently and rush to the standard of England's strongest enemy, whoever that might be. India and Pakistan not only have *not* joined the enemy; they *have* joined the Commonwealth. What Communist victory excels this magnificent British victory?

And Asia is our weakest sector, the Communists' strongest. Turn to Europe and you find, along with much legitimate ground for self-criticism, much legitimate ground for hope. Communism has been stopped militarily in Greece, out-bluffed militarily in Berlin. Communism has been arrested politically in France, Italy, Western Germany; in the other Western countries it never had any strength but it might, in other circumstances, have become strong. These victories, whether final or not, were essential. All were accomplished by the Marshall Plan, one of history's most brilliant acts of enlightened generosity.

And, incidentally, to return to the subject of statesmen and generals, who gets the credit for all these things? Japan was saved by General MacArthur who is despised by one American faction and distrusted by many factions outside America. India was saved by a British Labor government which many people have called "no better than Communist." Western Europe was saved by Dean Acheson, who as General Marshall's under-secretary of state, first conceived the Marshall Plan. The Plan was approved and financed year after year by that same United States Congress which, to many of Dean Acheson's friends, is hopelessly narrow and stupid.

We've got a lot to do yet, all right. We could probably do it faster and better. But maybe we *would* do it faster and better if we threw away the crying towels for a while, stopped running each other down, and talked a little more about our solid and demonstrable accomplishments.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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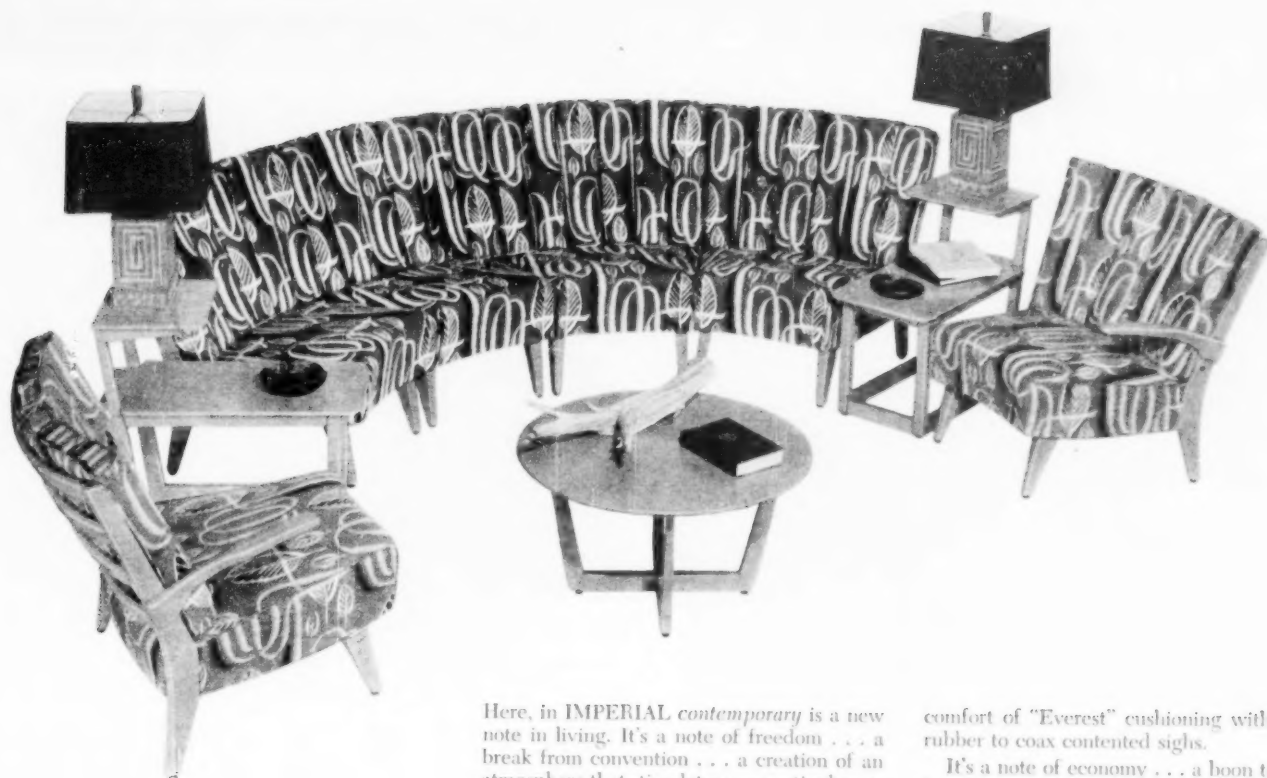
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1951



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LETTER FROM AUSTRIA By Beverley Baxter



In a salt mine near Alt Aussee the Nazis hid looted art treasures like this Rembrandt.

TWILIGHT IN THE SNOB'S PARADISE

IT IS possible that you have never heard of Alt Aussee, this mountain village in the Austrian Alps. Incredible as it seems you might never have learned, except for my assistance, of the great battle fought here last week between the Aberdeen terrier of the Baroness S— and the French poodle of Madame R— of Paris. So incensed was the Baroness that she sent for the police, who replied that he would come along when he could find the time.

But all is well. Madame R— is giving a party tonight and has sent a note to the Baroness, asking her to bring her dog and the policeman. At the moment the Baroness is concocting her reply and we are all waiting for it as if it were a communique from GHQ. Personally my money is on Madame.

The affair is complicated by the fact that the two belligerents are living in houses on the estate of Prince Hohenloe. With admirable shrewdness the Prince turned his pigsties, his stable, his cow house and his hen house into self-contained villas with modern plumbing and all the rest of it. To save time the guests are affectionately spoken of in terms of the former occupants. Fortunately, an extra guest house was built and it is this which the Baxter family occupies, so we are without any special designation.

At this point I must explain that titles are no longer allowed in the Republic of Austria, a decree which is treated with lofty indifference by the bearers thereof. Since all the sons of a baron are barons and all the sons of a prince are princes you will realize that Austria, or what is left of it, is a snob's paradise. The fact that nearly all of them are hard up does not spoil their wit or mar their charm. Robbed of its empire by the victors of the First World War,

shorn even of its own territory so that Vienna is virtually a capital without a country, Austria blinks in the setting sun while its young men dream of emigration to the New World. "There is only history and tradition here," they say.

But the victors did not take away the mountains, a fact which brings me back to the village of Alt Aussee. The Emperor Franz Joseph loved these regions of endless lakes and sturdy hills. In fact, twenty miles from here is the summer palace which he used as a shooting lodge and ten miles away is the beautiful house on the borders of a picture-post-card lake which was occupied by Ribbentrop when he used to be Hitler's foreign minister. It is now a hotel—and you have my assurance that the beer is everything that beer should be. In fact, it was not very far from here that Adolf Schickelgruber was born. What a pity he changed his name to Hitler! The other suited him so well.

Do not imagine that Alt Aussee is a place unknown to famous men. Let me tell you the story as I have learned it from the lips of the inhabitants and then ask yourselves if this is a village without a history.

In 1945, when the tide of war turned so savagely against the Germans, there came to this village no less a person than Kaltenbrunner, who had the honor of being Himmler's chief officer of the Gestapo. Although an Austrian, he rose on sheer merit to this mighty position and won the admiring gratitude of Hitler himself for his extermination of thousands of victims in the concentration camps. Although a man of cold cruelty he had his sentimental side. In fact he installed his mistress in one of the houses on this estate, much to the disgust of Prince Hohenloe, who

Continued on page 28

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WHY NATO NEEDS THE TWELVE APOSTLES

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WHEN the North Atlantic Council reconvenes in Rome this month no doubt the security arrangements will be as elaborate as they were here in September. NATO likes to have troops of guards (in Brussels last year they carried sub-machine guns) and lots of passes in various colors, and documents stamped Top Secret in big letters.

It is also possible that in Rome the delegates will speak to each other as frankly, within their heavily guarded chamber, as some of them do to reporters of their own newspapers. Possible, but hardly likely. It would be a major change in NATO procedure.

At the Ottawa meeting the most important new development was the appointment of the so-called Committee of Wise Men to draw up a firm over-all plan of NATO's resources and requirements. Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul van Zeeland, president of the Ottawa conference, first learned of this United States proposal from the columns of the New York Times. Mr. van Zeeland was annoyed.

At the very first session of the council it was decided to give out nothing to the press, except daily "briefings" which would be carefully screened of all solid content. Nothing that anybody said was to be reported. Someone suggested they might at least give out the agenda of the meeting, but this idea was voted down—Dean Acheson, U. S. Secretary of State, spoke quite strongly against it. That was Saturday evening; the Sunday edition of the New

York Times was already on sale in Times Square, with the NATO agenda printed verbatim on page 23.

However, this kind of thing was relatively unimportant. Every delegation expected it, and most of them had "background briefings" of their own. The press counselor of Norway, who would have liked to obtain more newspaper space for his country's point of view, discovered to his chagrin that the Norwegian Foreign Minister was the only one at the conference who insisted on sticking to the rules. Except for some trivial and fleeting annoyance no harm was done, no real secrets betrayed.

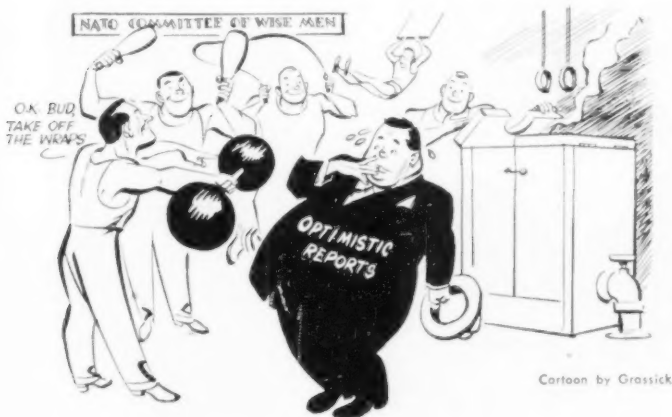
* * *

SOME OBSERVERS thought the trouble at Ottawa was not frankness but the lack of it. Not that the delegates told reporters too much, but that they told each other too little of what really lay at the back of their minds.

Why, for example, did the Committee of Wise Men need to be set up? NATO already has plans galore—military reports, economic reports, financial reports, production reports. Why not act on them? Because all those reports pull punches. They're the work of officials who, perforce, take everybody's word for everything. Nobody prods a nice round total to find out how much of it is "program" and how much actual performance. The result is a soft core of mutual scepticism that makes real agreement difficult.

The Wise Men (or the Twelve Apostles, as Mike Pearson dubbed them) will

Continued on page 46



NATO has glowing reports galore, but now it's going to get down to cases.

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"The lighter for me is
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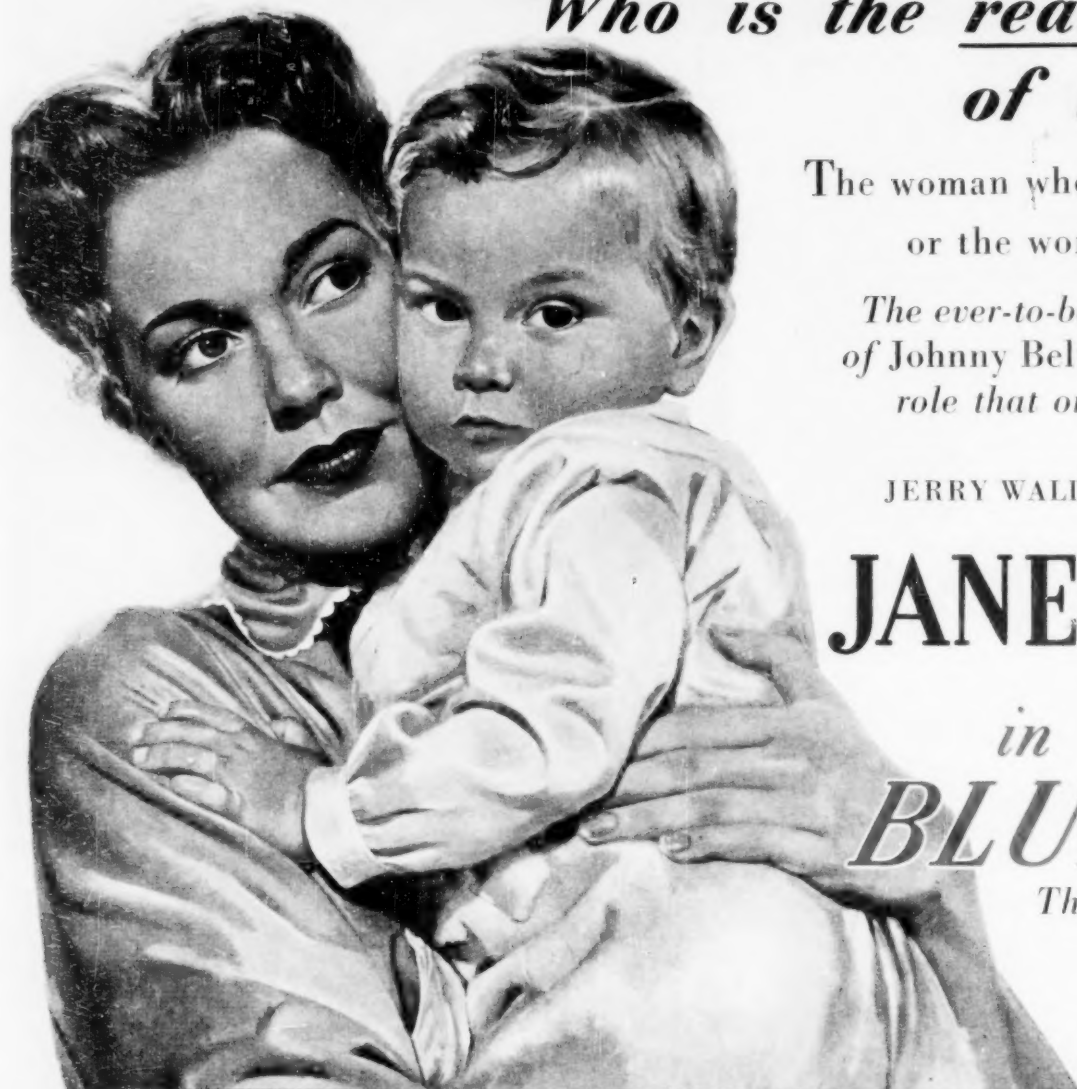
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WHY RED HILL DID IT

For a hundred years the Hills of Niagara have courted,
cajoled and defied the cataract with a strange
and fatal passion. They've risked
their lives to save a swan and
all the brutal river ever
gave them was a handful
of change and a
heartful of sorrow

By SIDNEY KATZ

ON SUNDAY, AUG. 5, 1951, at ten minutes to three, a stocky red-haired man of thirty-eight was set adrift a few hundred yards above the Horseshoe Falls on the Niagara River. He rode a strange craft which had been christened The Thing—a flimsy contraption made up of thirteen rubber inner tubes held together by canvas webbing and fish nets.

Two hundred thousand people who gathered to watch the spectacle saw the rubber craft gain speed, bounce fifteen feet up in the air, then fall a hundred and fifty-eight feet into the roar and mist of the mighty Niagara cataract. Thirteen minutes later The Thing appeared in the pool below the falls—a twisted empty jumble.

They found the torn and beaten body of Red Hill Jr. at the foot of The Cave, a ten-foot-square sheltered nook high in the side of the cliff about six hundred yards from the falls. It was a fitting resting place, for it was from this very spot that the Hill family, for three generations, had spent unnumbered hours keeping their mystic tryst with the river.

They buried Red four days later. As the casket





In tubes and nets Red Hill went over the falls and died. Doris Cousnaught assisted him at an earlier trial.



Some of the two hundred thousand people who saw Red die. Postcard and china sellers did roaring trade.

Corky Hill (left) and Danny White grieve silently for Red. The gala crowd went noisily off for dinner.



Norm Candler (in cap), the tinsmith who built The Thing, and Al Sedore (right), who towed it into the river, chat with Red before the plunge.

was lowered into the grave his sixty-year-old mother suddenly cried out: "Oh William, my son—why did you do it?" The same question has been asked by thousands who read the headlines about his death. What sort of man would risk his life on such a pointless gamble? Why did Red Hill do it?

The answer can only be found in the strange story of the Hill family itself. For two hundred years the Hills have lived beside the Niagara. For at least seventy-five years of that time and perhaps longer members of each generation have felt themselves irresistibly drawn to the river. They have spent their days studying her moods, her currents, her eddies, her rapids and her whirlpools. They could discern subtle whispers above the roar of the cataract and understand their meaning. They grew to know the river so well that they became contemptuous of her and challenged her. It became important to them to prove their mastery—more important than family, fame or fortune.

There is an Indian legend that the aura of mist which rises from the falls is actually a beautiful maiden, sacrificed to the Spirit of the Cataract, and that the Maid of the Mist beckons to all who come to the falls to enjoin their lives with hers. The Hills have heard this siren call clearly and strongly for many decades.

Layfield Hill, the grandfather of Red Hill Jr., was seriously worried when his son, William (Red) Hill Sr., had reached the age of five in 1891 and showed no special affinity for the river. One day he swam out into the river with the lad on his back to show him that there was nothing to be afraid of. The next day he shoved his son fifteen feet into the river, fully clothed, and shouted: "Sink or swim!" Red Sr. swam—and he was never again to fear the river.

Red Sr. was to spend practically every day of his life near or on the river. "I was born with the roar of the falls in my ear and that's how I want to die—as close to Niagara as I can get," he once said. He deeply felt the hypnotic attraction of the river. "It pulls you like a magnet," he explained. Once, a man he had saved from the Whirlpool Rapids sent him a note which read: "Thank God you reached me. Why I jumped into those rapids I'll never really know. There was something about that river that kept calling me—I couldn't help myself." For years he carried this note in his breast pocket, showing it to visitors, adding, "That's what people I pull out are always saying. The Niagara has an intangible something. It's fierce and cruel."

Red Sr. learned the ways of the river so well

that he could defy her with immunity. He cheated the river of twenty-nine lives and ended up by being the only man alive who could wear four lifesaving medals. With his sons he recovered two hundred and fifty bodies, the victims of drowning and suicide. He rescued literally hundreds of deer, dogs, swan, ducks and cats from places where no other man dare go. Three times—in 1910, 1930, 1931—he made the perilous six-mile trip through the Whirlpool Rapids to Queenston in a barrel. He swam the turbulent half mile below the falls in 1925, from the American to the Canadian side in eleven minutes. When the Falls View Bridge was being pressured by millions of tons of ice during the winter of 1938, Red Sr. foretold the time of its collapse to the day, practically to the minute: Jan. 27, 4.13 p.m.

From the time that they could walk, Red Sr. took his four sons—Red Jr. (William), Corky (Norman), Major, and Wes (Wesley) to the river, passing on to them all the secrets he had learned during his lifetime. The boys idolized their father. They promised him that they would carry on the Hill tradition and devote their lives to the river. He died happily in this knowledge, in 1942, warning them, "The river will keep you poor but in return it will give you a reward greater than money. I can't put it into words."

The guardianship of the river was bequeathed particularly to the eldest son, Red Jr., a stockily built man of average height with sandy hair. When he wasn't actually at the river's edge he could be found drinking beer in the Rapids Tavern talking about it. His friends say that no matter where he was the roar of the falls was pounding in his ears, the spray was within his vision. He asked only one favor from newspapermen: whenever they printed his name to prefix it with the title Riverman. Like his father he saved lives, rescued animals, recovered bodies. Once, with his brother Corky and a friend Skike Healey, he made an almost impossible trip part way up the sheer side of the American Falls to recover the body of a suicide that had lain on the rocks for two days. He shot the rapids in a barrel in 1945 and 1948—both times for his father's sake. "There's no monument to him," he explained. "I'd do anything to raise the money to buy one."

Corky Hill was usually at his brother's side when there was a dangerous assignment. For eleven years he worked for the Maid of the Mist—the steamer that takes visitors near the foot of the falls. One of his jobs was to take a launch out into the choppy waters below the falls each morning and clear away the debris which had been washed over the precipice during the night.

Major Hill shot the rapids in a barrel in 1949, attempted to go over the falls in 1950. His attempt failed when his barrel was caught up in the rapids three hundred yards from the brink. "I took up stunting," he explained, "to keep up the Hill tradition."

Three Hundred Dollars for Twenty-nine Lives

Others may have made some real money from such daredevil exploits but not the Hills. Red Sr. first challenged the rapids in 1910 as the result of a ten-dollar bet: he successfully completed the barrel trip to Queenston but failed to collect the ten dollars. Nor did his fame attract a thriving trade to his souvenir store on Bridge Street. Typical was the time when three buses on a conducted tour brought a hundred and twenty sight-seers to his store to gawk at him and his barrel. They asked a lot of questions, took a lot of photographs, but only bought a dollar and eighty-five cents' worth of knickknacks and souvenirs.

For rescuing twenty-nine people, Red Sr. estimated he received a total of three hundred dollars in rewards. While saving the life of seventeen-year-old Ignatius Roth, an only child, in 1912, Hill risked his life a dozen times, spent three weeks in bed with pneumonia. Yet the boy's parents didn't even call to thank him when they came to Niagara Falls to bring their son home to Cleveland.

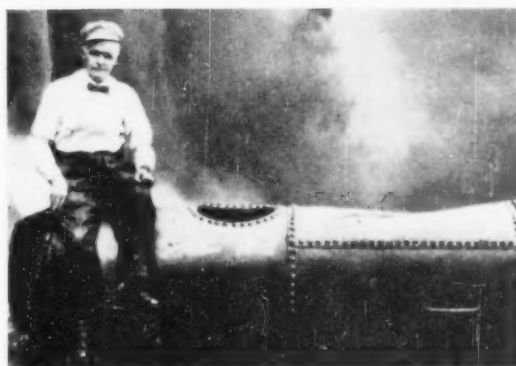
Red's sons found the river just as profitless. When Red Jr. shot

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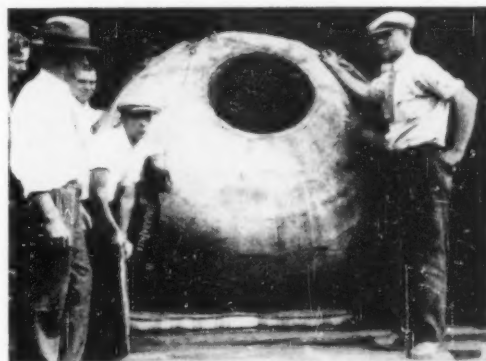
SEEKING FAME, WEALTH OR BOTH BY STUNTING AT THE FALLS AND IN THE RAPIDS, SOME LIVED AND SOME DIED, BUT NONE GOT RICH



First to go over the falls and live, Anna Taylor (1901) did it for money but got only bruises. Wearing fedora is Red Hill Sr.



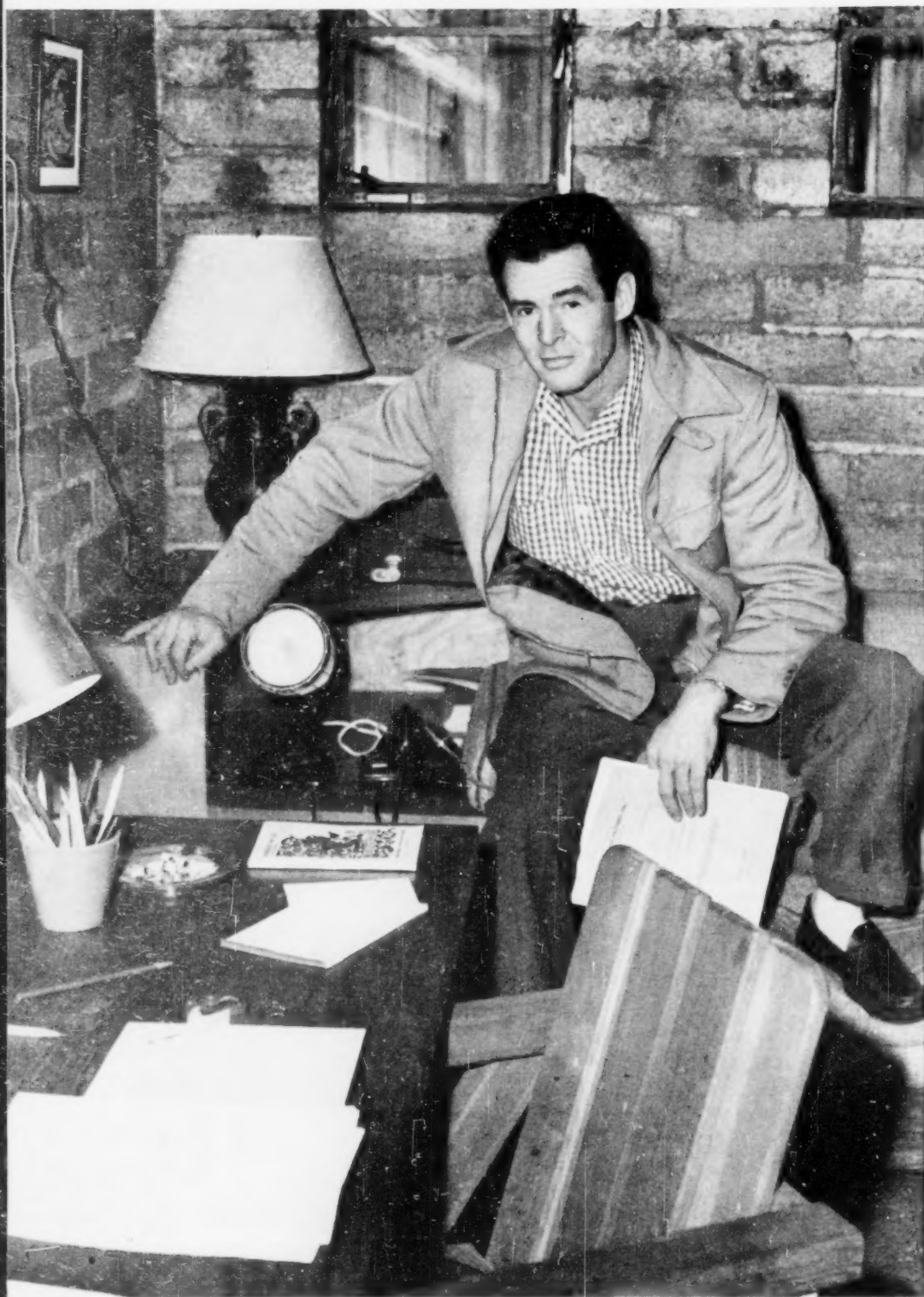
Bob Leach (left) went over in 1911 at the cost of six months in bed. Boston cop Bill Kendall (centre), only man to swim the lower rapids. Englishman Stephens shot the falls in 1920 and died.



Jean Lussier's cleverly built rubber ball carried oxygen, got him over the falls swiftly in 1928. Right: he shows sketch of his new falls-proof device. Stunters, police, SPCA all got help from the Hills.

George Stathakis (left), Buffalo waiter, died in his clumsy barrel. Philadelphia cop C. Graham (centre) shot the lower rapids five times. Red Hill Jr. with the barrel his father made famous.





Ryan says the only exercise he takes is when he chases his sons, Tim (left) and Cheyney.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A MOVIE STAR

A woman once spat on Robert Ryan because she hated a character he played on the screen. But, at four hundred dollars a day, this six-foot-three Irishman who once mined coal at Fernie, B.C., finds he can stand up to the arduous life of a star—even when he has to make love to Claudette Colbert

NOT LONG AGO I received a letter from a woman who had seen me slapping some fellow around in a movie. She wanted me to drop in and take a poke at her husband. I declined.

Just the other day a civic-betterment group asked me to say a few words at a public meeting summoned to discuss "Good Citizenship—Keeping Our Streets Clean." I accepted.

Once, in New York, a woman stopped in front of me on a crowded sidewalk and spat on my face, after remarking, "I hate bigoted people!"

In many respects those three somewhat baffling occurrences indicate the peculiar existence I lead as a Hollywood movie star. It's true that I enjoy my work and make a lot of money, live quietly and happily with my wife and two children. Just the same, it would be ridiculous to pretend my

average day or week resembles that of a prosperous young businessman living with his wife and two children in Santa Barbara or Winnipeg. I'm hardly ever allowed to forget that I'm a movie star and that millions of people either consciously or subconsciously identify film actors in private life with

Robert and Jessica, married in 1939, don't own a swimming pool, are more interested in saving,



characters they play on the screen.

For example, the woman who wanted me to beat up her husband may have been remembering the rugged incorruptible boxer I played in *The Set-Up*, or perhaps the grim lover in *The Secret Fury*, who wouldn't let anybody harm Claudette Colbert. Her type is a fairly familiar one in my mailbag.

I haven't been playing many lawbreakers lately and the committee which invited me to make a speech about street-cleaning probably recalled me as the high-minded soldier in *Berlin Express*, or as the repentant ex-Communist in *The Woman on Pier 13* who turns against the Reds and sacrifices everything to expose them. I wonder if the committee would have asked me if they had seen me in my new picture as a super-gangster.

The case of the woman who spat on me was uncommon, I'm glad to say. But it could happen

RYAN FINDS THIS SORT OF THING HARD WORK



He plays hard-to-get with Ginger Rogers.



And tenderly passionate with Claire Trevor.



Joan Fontaine gets the dynamic treatment.

BUT THIS COMES EASIER TO AN EX-HEAVYWEIGHT



In *The Set-Up* Ryan scored a big success.



Throttling from Mike Mazurki is routine.



Nasty again, he bats Ida Lupino around.

at any time to an actor who plays a vivid and hateful role in the kind of screen drama that really gets under people's skins. The incident occurred during the first general release of *Crossfire*, in which I appeared as a viciously intolerant ex-GI who beats a harmless Jew to death with his bare fists. *Crossfire* was the first of the Hollywood cycle of films attacking anti-Semitism and it hit a lot of people where they lived. When that woman saw me on the sidewalk she expressed her contempt for that movie murderer in the only way she knew—by insulting me.

A girl newspaper reporter, chatting with me recently in a theatre lobby at the premiere of one of my pictures asked: "Do you ever get really used to it all—the adulation, the stares, the autographs, the publicity, the money?"

She may have been kidding, of course, because

By ROBERT RYAN as told to CLYDE GILMOUR

adulation and money are two things *anybody* can get used to without the slightest difficulty. In my own case, I still have indelible memories of the depression days when I was hitchhiking all over North America, working as a day laborer, a sandhog and mining coal in British Columbia, often not knowing where my next meal was coming from.

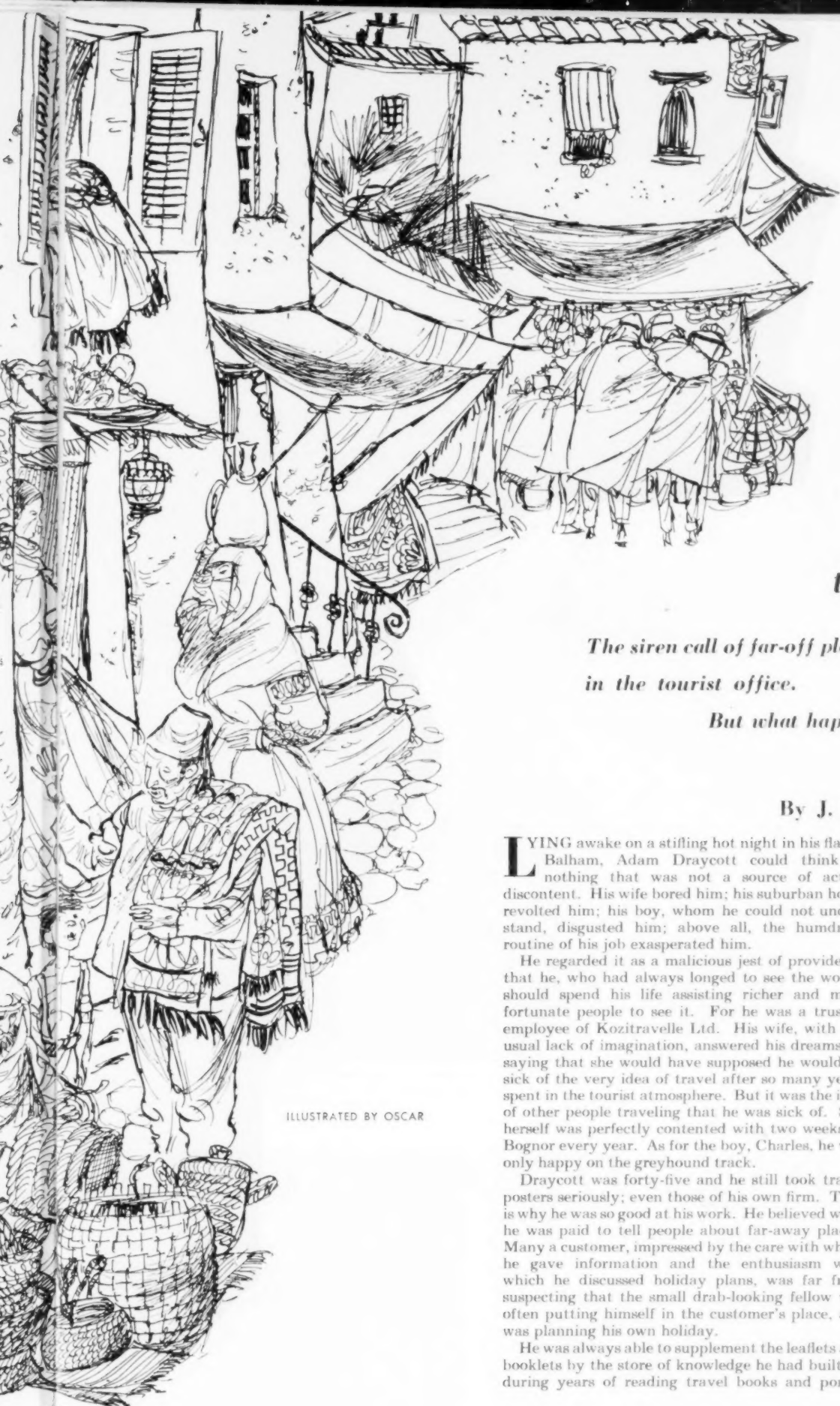
My income before taxes is now a bit over four hundred dollars a day. I own nine suits and spend fifteen hundred dollars a year on clothing. My fan mail averages about three hundred letters a

week, most of them complimentary. There are fourteen official Robert Ryan Fan Clubs, with a total membership of about four thousand. These loyal and vociferous Ryan boosters turn out in force to all my pictures and many go back to see them again and again. They also keep asking the exhibitors to show more and more of my films. Requests of that kind, relayed back to Hollywood, never do an actor a bit of harm.

On the other hand, I must confess that I haven't ever got used to being stared at and whispered about everywhere I go. I don't kid myself that all these scrutinies are necessarily flattering; most of them are merely inquisitive. If I sit down in a restaurant I barely have time to glance at the menu before I am accosted by half a dozen people armed with pencils and autograph books. Much of the time it's only a

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ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

Ah, Algiers...

the Casbah...

the smell of the East.

*The siren call of far-off places stirred the soul of the little man
in the tourist office.*

But what happened when the dream came true?

By J. B. MORTON

L YING awake on a stifling hot night in his flat in Balham, Adam Draycott could think of nothing that was not a source of active discontent. His wife bored him; his suburban home revolted him; his boy, whom he could not understand, disgusted him; above all, the humdrum routine of his job exasperated him.

He regarded it as a malicious jest of providence that he, who had always longed to see the world, should spend his life assisting richer and more fortunate people to see it. For he was a trusted employee of Kozitravelle Ltd. His wife, with her usual lack of imagination, answered his dreams by saying that she would have supposed he would be sick of the very idea of travel after so many years spent in the tourist atmosphere. But it was the idea of other people traveling that he was sick of. She herself was perfectly contented with two weeks at Bognor every year. As for the boy, Charles, he was only happy on the greyhound track.

Draycott was forty-five and he still took travel posters seriously; even those of his own firm. That is why he was so good at his work. He believed what he was paid to tell people about far-away places. Many a customer, impressed by the care with which he gave information and the enthusiasm with which he discussed holiday plans, was far from suspecting that the small drab-looking fellow was often putting himself in the customer's place, and was planning his own holiday.

He was always able to supplement the leaflets and booklets by the store of knowledge he had built up during years of reading travel books and poring

over maps. There were whole passages out of guide books which he could repeat by heart. He had been everywhere in his imagination. But he was not of the type that "gets on." He had no ambition, since he knew he could never save enough money to do what he wanted. He expected no promotion, and so was never promoted. His discontent with his life increased as he grew older, until his romantic notions obsessed him. Yet all he had to draw on for his memories of foreign lands was a week end in Dieppe and four days in Paris. His wife, Thora, who found his obsession absurd and tiresome, was always urging him to go on a day trip to Boulogne. "Boulogne," she said, with her steady common sense, "is as foreign as anywhere else." What was the use of trying to admit her to his secret world of sunshine and color, for which, if he had spoken of it, he would have used the word exotic?

So every morning he went to the vast building in London's West End which housed Kozitravelle, and every evening returned to the flat in Balham. He always lunched at the same place, and usually alone, being a man of few friends. His colleagues found him dull and humorless. They said he seemed to have no interest in anything outside his work. It puzzled them that the man who became so animated when he stood at the counter should prove so taciturn over the lunch or tea table.

Adam had never confided his trouble to any colleague. He was afraid of being laughed at. Even his wife had no idea of the hunger that was gnawing him, since the years passed without his talk leading to anything. She came

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The Exotic Dream of Adam Draycott



HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT ARMS

By HERB GOTT
as told to

GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

PHOTOS BY BOB HOWARD

YOU'VE HAD a bad accident, son."

My father's strained faltering words rang around the bare white walls of a strange hospital room.

"... You've lost both your arms."

Coming up from the well of unconsciousness where I had lain for nearly three days I vaguely remembered the train, the fall and the shouting. Then I thought—I will never be able to turn on a cold-water tap again.

It is the crazy irrelevant sort of thought that runs through your mind when you are handed an idea too stunning to comprehend. I did not think, as I would so often in the following days, weeks and months, "I will need help for almost everything I do for the rest of my life—eating, washing, shaving, brushing my teeth, combing my hair, dressing and undressing." I did not even think

of never being able to hold a girl in my arms again: I thought "I will never turn on another cold-water tap."

Then a curious thing happened. I imagined there had been some mistake. Suddenly, I could feel along the full length of both my arms to my finger tips. I tried to lift one arm to show my father he was wrong. That's when the truth hit me with its full impact. That's when I *knew* I would have to live the rest of my life without arms.

In thirteen years I've become accustomed to that idea—as accustomed to it as I can ever be. In that time I have learned that while a person without arms cannot live a normal existence he

can create for himself a useful straightforward pattern of life that offers its fair share of variety and happiness. I have discovered I can do many of the important things done by my unhandicapped friends. By using my mouth, my feet, and my head I can accomplish almost anything I set my mind to.

Today I live a confident well-regulated life. While I am physically dependent on others for many parts of my daily routine I am able, independently, to earn my own living, provide many of my own diversions, and to exist generally without feeling I am a burden to my friends and colleagues. Around my apartment I have devised ways of writing letters, telephoning, and reading. Downtown I shop for myself, go to movies or concerts alone, conduct most of my business without assistance. I can't lace my own shoes, but I've learned



Actress Alice Hill turns pages for Herb Gott during a CBC performance.

to enjoy skating. I can't undress myself, but some of my happiest hours are spent swimming. Quite often I spend an evening playing bridge with friends. A couple of years ago I even had the thrill of driving a car along a lonely, rutted country road. Of course some things will always be impossible for me. One of these is the fulfillment of my boyhood ambition—to become a sailor. Ironically enough, it was this ambition that led to the accident that cost me my arms.

In the spring of 1939 I was twenty-one, fresh out of a Toronto high school and eager to find a job at sea. I heard about a steward's job that was open on a ship leaving Montreal in three days' time. In spite of the fact that I had no money, I was determined to apply for the job in person. Rather than risk the uncertainty of hitchhiking I decided to hop a freight train.

Couldn't Even Open a Door

Together with a young pal of mine I headed for the freight yards shortly before midnight, Thursday, May 12. Neither of us had ridden the rods before and we were frightened by the thought of jumping a moving train. All night long we walked along the tracks to Montreal and, the following morning, when an eastbound passenger train stopped to take on a passenger, we hopped on the coupling between a couple of forward baggage cars. We grinned and told one another we'd be in Montreal before sundown.

The accident took place just as the train was coming into Oshawa. I'm still not sure how it happened. Perhaps I lost my footing, perhaps I fell asleep. But they told me later I fell off the coupling down to the tracks. When they picked me up a few minutes later the train wheels had run over my arms and the damage was done.

I don't remember anything that happened between then and the time, the following Sunday evening, when I awoke in the Oshawa General Hospital to hear my father pronouncing those awful words at my bedside. The initial shock, the pain, the anguish had been mercifully buried under a blanket of unconsciousness that covered me through my unlucky Friday the 13 and the two days

following. But, even with that reprieve, I was to suffer enough moments of torment to make the experience the worst kind of nightmare. My left arm had been amputated at the shoulder and I was left with a few inches of my right arm which I could move.

The month I spent recuperating in hospital was bleak, but it was not the worst time I spent, by any means. True, I resented being shaved at first. I remember the frustration of forgetting my affliction and trying to reach for a cigarette. There were many bad moments like that, but generally the hospital atmosphere was good for me because I knew everyone else there needed help. Somehow that made me feel less of an exception.

It was when I returned home that I felt the full weight of my predicament. I felt perfectly strong and healthy but I couldn't do a thing for myself. I had the enthusiasm and energy of a twenty-one-year-old and I couldn't even open a door.

I'm afraid I acted very badly. Because I couldn't bear the thought of having to be fed I refused to join the family at mealtime. I spent most of the day sulking in my room and I bitterly resented any attempt to bring me out of my shell of gloom. In desperation I tried to do things for myself—with my mouth and my feet I tried dressing, washing, even lathering my face for a shave. Every attempt ended in miserable failure.

During that time I spent a lot of time thinking of my life before I had lost my arms. Ironically enough, most of my time until then had been spent taking care of my mother. Almost since I could remember she had been a hopeless arthritic cripple. From the time I was ten I had looked after her every need—feeding her, dressing her, washing her—doing for her all the things other people must now do for me. But, I told myself, there was some reason to look after her. All the time she had lingered, she suffered intense and dreadful pain. When she died, a year before my accident, her death was a merciful release for everyone. But what excuse was there for me?

That year of freedom between my mother's death and my fateful train ride helped to bring home even more

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Iris Gott brushes her husband's teeth and shaves him. If she has to get started early so does he.



Once the pack is opened Herb can get himself a cigarette. He can scratch his own matches, too.



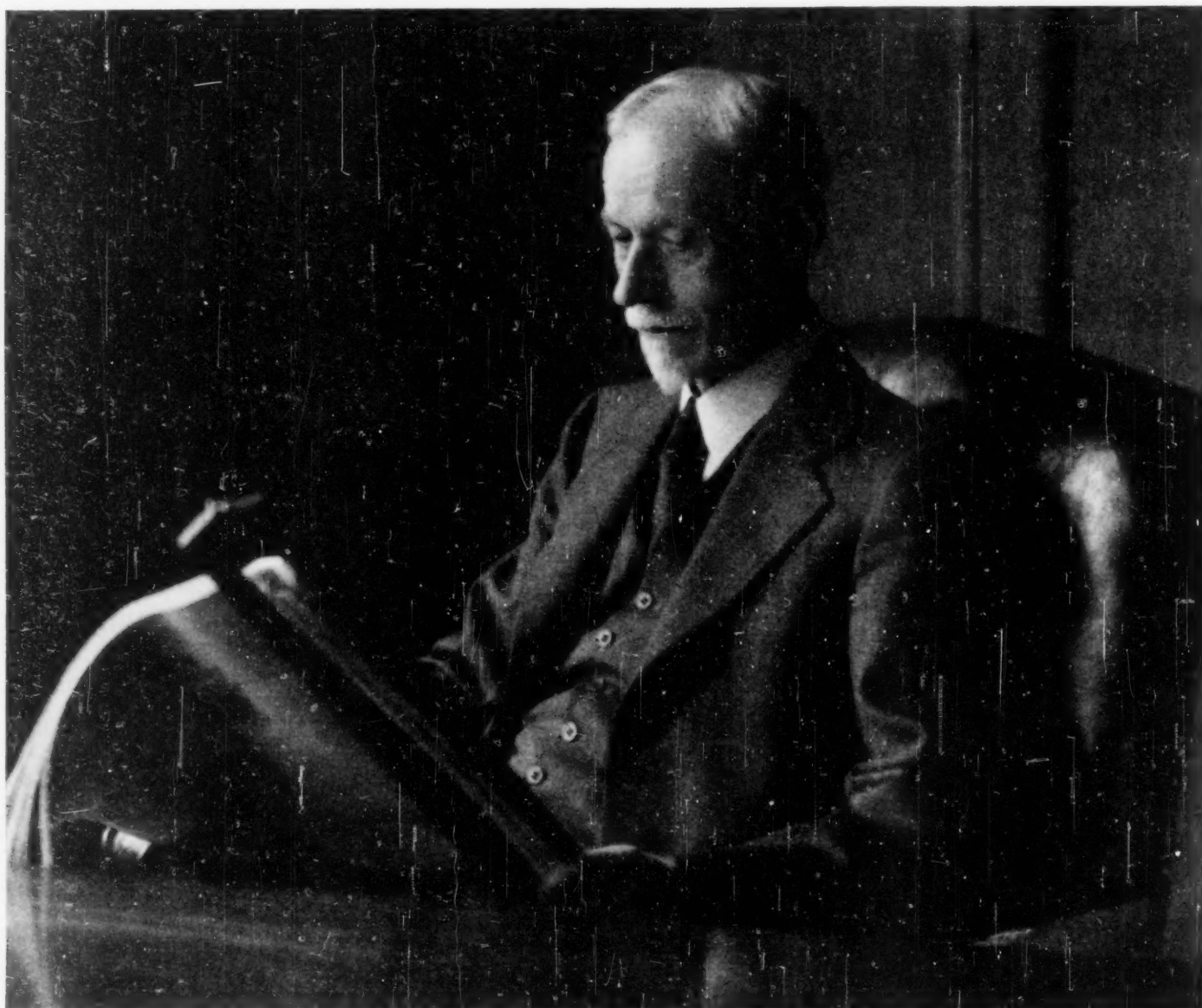
Iris helps him with a cob of corn. With his one artificial hand he can partly manipulate a fork.



Fond of music, he can tune in the radio. He isn't embarrassed when he has to ask strangers for help.



The phone is a cinch: he dials with a pencil in his mouth. He uses his tongue to read a book.



Mackenzie King, his lifelong political foe, said of Woodsworth: "I admire him . . . he has had the courage to say what lay on his conscience."

THE SAINTLY FAILURE WHO CHANGED CANADA

J. S. Woodsworth devoted his life to "lost causes" like old age pensions, family allowances and pacifism. He broke with the church that ordained him a minister and lost control of the political party he founded. But no individual has had a greater influence on the way Canadians live

By BLAIR FRASER Maclean's Ottawa Editor



When J. S. Woodsworth worked on the B. C. wharves his wife wrote she was proud to be a docker's wife.

EARLY in 1950 a CBC Citizen's Forum panel was asked to name the ten greatest Canadians of this century. Only two were chosen unanimously: Mackenzie King and James Shaver Woodsworth.

They made an odd contrast. By any material standard Mackenzie King's life was a triumphant success, Woodsworth's a failure.

A Methodist minister whose doubts of his own creed began even before he was ordained, Woodsworth left the church at forty-two to become, for a time, a day laborer. He founded a political movement, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which will soon be twenty years old and gives no sign of ever attaining power. Of all his ideals and convictions, pacifism was the one for which he made the greatest sacrifices; to that ideal he never converted his own party or even his own children. Why should this crusader for lost causes be ranked among the great men of his generation?

One Forum speaker gave an answer which the others accepted: "Woodsworth was a saint." It's a queer word to apply to a professional politician, but that is what he was.

That was the secret of his astonishing political power. Physically he was not impressive—he was a handsome figure with his neat white beard and fine features, but so small and frail as to give no hint of the strength he was able to summon. He was a competent experienced speaker but no orator, no rabble-rouser. Yet for more than twenty years, and for half of that time alone, this little man influenced parliament as no lone individual has done within living memory.

Woodsworth was the father of the welfare state in Canada—of what we have now, and of what we may have in store. He and one supporter, A. A. Heaps of Winnipeg, forced the Liberal Government into a firm undertaking to bring in old-age pensions in 1925. He spoke for family allowances fifteen years before they became a fact; for unemployment insurance nearly twenty years ahead; for national health insurance in the mid-twenties. Things that are commonplace today were Utopian dreams when Woodsworth began to fight for them—more than Utopian, they were radical, dangerous, subversive.

Yet Woodsworth, even in those days, was seldom



His boyhood home at Brandon, Man., gave free meals to wayfarers.

attacked personally for the things he advocated. Even in those days he had proven, to friend and foe alike, his sincerity and his character.

He was a rising young pastor at one of Winnipeg's more fashionable churches when in 1907 his misgivings about the Methodist creed impelled him to resign from the church. A special committee examined him on doctrine and gave him a clean bill of health: "We find there is nothing in Bro. Woodsworth's doctrinal beliefs or adhesion to our discipline to warrant his separation from the ministry." So Woodsworth agreed to remain a clergyman, but he left his comfortable pastorate to open All People's Mission in the slums.

Ten years later he was established in another career, that of practical social work. As director of a bureau of social research supported by all three prairie governments he was becoming known across Canada. He was in demand as a lecturer from Montreal to Vancouver; he basked in the approval of rich and poor alike.

The conscription issue came along. Woodsworth the Christian pacifist felt that he could not remain silent. He sent a letter to the Manitoba Free Press denouncing the new national service registration scheme of the Borden Government.

Immediately he lost not only his job but also his status and his friends. When he and his wife and six children (the youngest an infant in arms) left Winnipeg on a bitter January night in 1917 not a soul was at the station to see them off. A year later, after a short and stormy term at a mission station on the British Columbia coast, Woodsworth again offered his resignation from the Methodist Church; this time it was accepted with-

out comment. He went to work as a longshoreman on the Vancouver docks.

After that harsh experience it was easy, even exhilarating, for him to go to jail in the Winnipeg general strike of 1919. (He was charged with sedition for printing, among other things, a quotation from Isaiah: "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the needy from judgment"). Woodsworth was rather disappointed when the charges against him were dropped—he was in jail only five days whereas other strike leaders were convicted and served terms in prison.

As a young pastor on probation in a Manitoba mission field he wrote in his diary: "I do not pray to be an eloquent or popular preacher or a profound scholar, but Oh that God would use me as an instrument through which the Holy Spirit may speak to the people."

Woodsworth never lost that sense of mission. In 1936, when the CCF decided to hire young David Lewis as its first (and for a long time its only) salaried official, founder Woodsworth was opposed to the idea. He liked Lewis, he knew there was plenty for a national secretary to do, but he disliked the thought of anyone working for the CCF for pay. "It makes us too much like a political party," he said. To J. S. Woodsworth the CCF was never a party, it was a national crusade.

Speaking of him today old associates and disciples often use the same words: "J. S. would have gone to the stake for his principles without a moment's hesitation." It would not have occurred to him that any other course was open. And he expected the same strength of character in other people.

In his old Room 616 of the House of Commons, for twenty years the headquarters of the democratic Left in Canada, Woodsworth used to keep portraits of people he admired. On his desk was a bust of Savonarola, the monk who was burned for heresy in Renaissance Italy. On the wall, among others, was Ramsay MacDonald, the first Labour prime minister of Britain. On the day in 1931 when MacDonald deserted the Labour Party to join Baldwin in a "national" government, Woodsworth took down his picture.

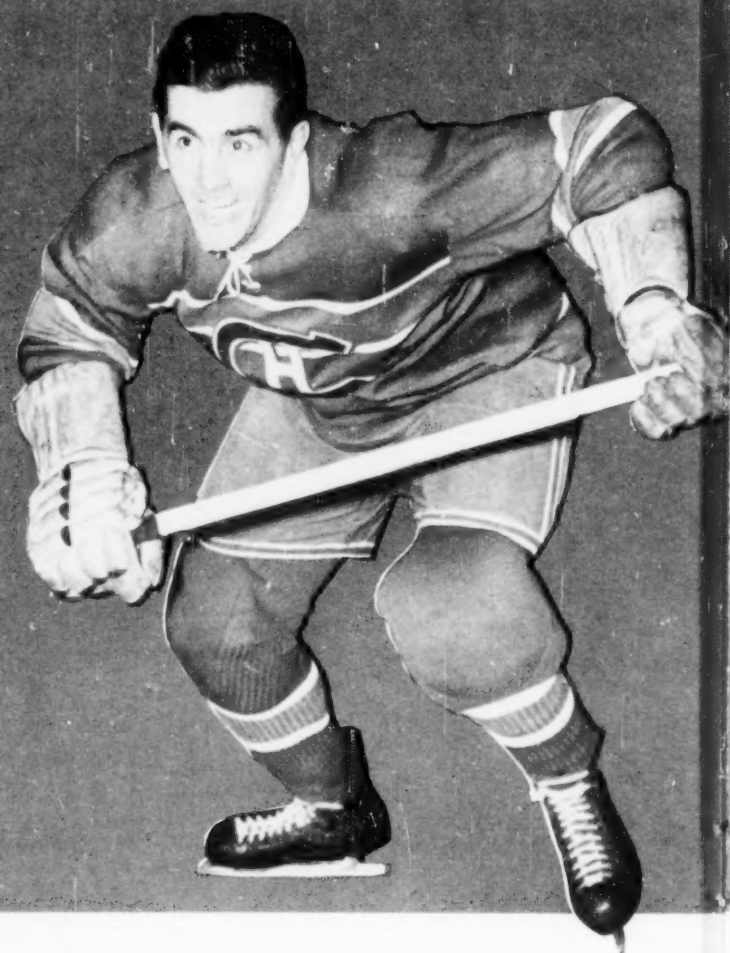
Agnes MacPhail,

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CCF pioneers after the 1935 election. From left: Tom Douglas, Angus MacInnis, A. A. Heaps, Woodsworth, M. J. Coldwell, Grace MacInnis, Grant MacNeil.



HOCKEY'S GREATEST SCORING MACHINE



By TRENT FRAYNE

ANY MOMENT now Maurice Richard will score the three hundredth goal of his National Hockey League career and sometime early next spring he will break Nels Stewart's all-time record of three hundred and twenty-three goals and thus become the greatest goal scorer in professional hockey history. There is a reasonable likelihood that Richard, who plays for the Montreal Canadiens, will score one or both of these goals while he is lying flat on his back, with at least one non-Canadien hockey player clutching his stick, another hacking at his ankles with a pair of skates and a third plucking thoughtfully at his sweater.

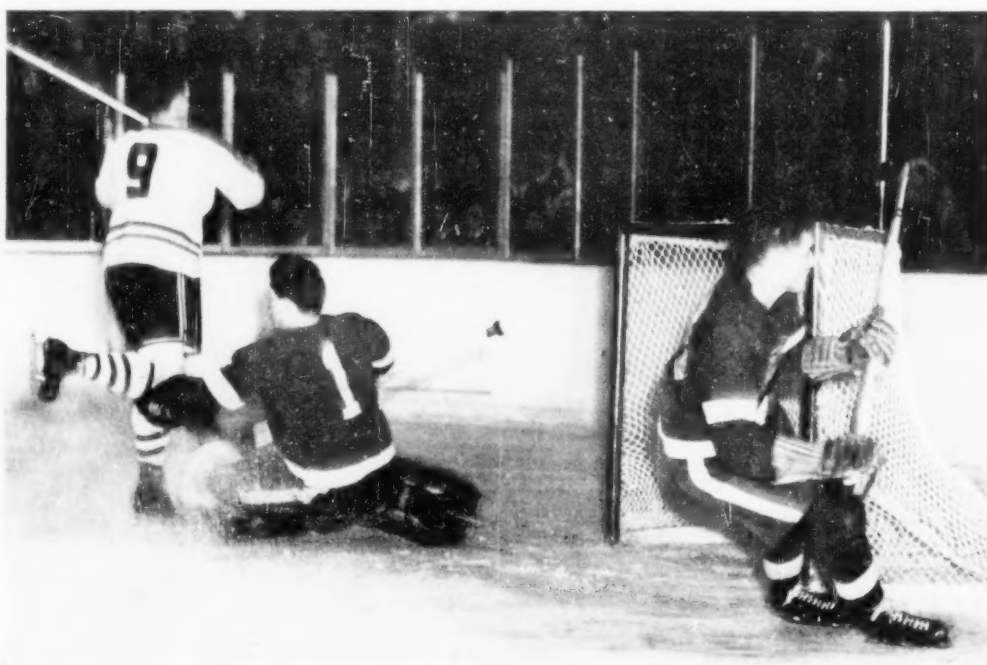
No hockey player living has been so much put upon as Richard by the recent revolution in hockey's cultural standards—a liberalizing process which encourages the referees to ignore all but the most flagrant violations of the written rules and, in turn, encourages poor or indifferent players to cut good or great players down to size by slamming them bodily into the sides of the rinks, massaging their ribs with fibre-padded elbows, inserting the crooked blades of hockey sticks between their legs or under their armpits and generally impeding what used to be considered their lawful progress.

In consequence modern hockey has produced many teams which stand out above their rivals but few individual players who stand out above the other individuals. For almost a decade Richard has towered over them all, both as a goal scorer and as a piece of property. His annual earnings from the game are in excess of twenty thousand dollars, approximately twenty percent more than any other professional hockey player has earned either before his time or during it. For the right to his services the Canadiens management was once offered and refused a lump payment of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, the highest value ever placed on a single player.

Considering the completeness of his triumph over adverse working conditions, Richard's attitude toward his work is remarkably restrained. If he

revels in his position as the most esteemed and highly rewarded Canadian athlete of his generation he gives no sign of it. On the ice his darkly Gallic features seldom depart from their melancholy cast except on the occasion of another Richard goal, when they sometimes dissolve into an expression halfway between a glower and a grin. Off the ice he is monosyllabic and uncommunicative even among the players he considers his closest friends.

But behind this impassive façade lie deep wells of sentiment, of sensitivity and of temperament. On an exhibition tour to the west coast he once cried openly when told he would have to accompany the team to California before returning to his family in Montreal. A much better publicized display of feeling occurred last winter when he brooded all one night over a referee's adverse decision and tried to punch the official in the nose when they



Canadiens' manager Selke says money can't buy Richard. Here (No. 9) he scores against Detroit.

Maurice (the Rocket) Richard, already hockey's highest-paid, best-loved and most-hated star, seems certain this season to bust his way through the toughest checking and heckling in history to add the NHL all-time scoring record to his trophies

met next day in a hotel lobby. And although he is commonly believed to be indifferent to the hostility or sympathy of spectators, his employers attribute his almost chronic inability to play his best hockey in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens to the profane and persistent heckling of a rather small and elderly lady fan.

But neither psychoanalysts nor hockey experts have ever been able to explain precisely why Richard—who in action frequently looks uninspired and almost awkward—keeps on scoring so many goals. During the war a number of coaches, notably Frank Boucher of the New York Rangers, insisted it was because of inferior opposition but in the last two years, when competition again had reached a peak, Richard scored eighty-five goals and Boucher now says that black-haired sallow-cheeked Richard is the most spectacular hockey player he has ever seen. "That includes," adds Boucher with some reverence, "the greatest I'd ever seen before him, Howie Morenz."

An Assist From La Chance

Tommy Ivan, the coach of the Detroit Red Wings, says that because of his unorthodoxy there is no way to play Richard legally that will render him harmless. Even his own mistakes sometimes work out to his benefit, according to Ivan, who finds illustration for his point in last spring's Stanley Cup playoffs when Richard's team scored an upset victory over the league champion Red Wings. In each of the first two games on Detroit ice Richard scored overtime goals to win the first for the Canadiens after 61.09 minutes of extra play and the second after 42.20 minutes of overtime.

"In that second game," recalls Ivan painfully, "our Red Kelly got the puck in our end and was endeavoring to clear it ahead to Leo Reise. Richard was caught far out of position and the player he was supposed to be checking was breaking for the

other blueline. On our club we try to teach our men never to let that happen. Anyway, as Kelly cleared the puck it hit Richard on the leg, bounced back into our zone past Kelly where Richard scurried in to pick it up and score the winning goal."

By a similar freak during the 1944-45 season Richard, whose name is pronounced Ree-shar, established a record for goals in a single season. By late February he had counted forty-three goals and needed one more to tie the record of Joe Malone who scored forty-four goals in twenty-two games for the Montreal Canadiens in 1918. The tying goal eluded him for several games until one Saturday night when the Canadiens moved into Toronto for a game with the Maple Leafs. Late in the game Richard was checked heavily as he carried the puck near the Leaf net. He was knocked down and was sliding along on his stomach, the puck out of control, when a Leaf defenseman endeavoring to clear the rolling rubber deflected it into the Toronto goal. There was nothing the official scorer could do but credit the goal to Richard since he was the last Canadian player to touch the puck. That ended Richard's brief slump. The next night in Montreal he broke Malone's record and went on to score five more goals before the season expired for a total of fifty, still a record.

Half the Day on the Pillow

Richard has a distant taciturn manner when he is with strangers. Glen Harmon, a team mate, says this has stemmed from Richard's early inability to cope with the English language. Unable to understand what most hockey writers were saying to him Richard would grunt some incomprehensible reply and turn away. In recent years he has acquired a good working knowledge of English but until he becomes fairly familiar with people in cities other than Montreal he is still uncommunicative. Even with those he knows there is little probability of the conversation progressing beyond his acquaintance's supply of questions or observations. With close friends and their wives among his English team mates, such as the Elmer Lachs, Glen Harmons and Kenny Mosdells, he is generally quiet though he will argue a point vehemently if he feels he's right. He smokes an occasional cigar and drinks an occasional bottle of beer.

Richard is a slender-looking one-hundred-and-seventy-five-pounder, slightly less than six feet tall. He has sleek black hair, black eyes and a small thin-lipped mouth which gives him a surly expression. Elmer Lach, his room mate on road trips, says it is not unusual for Richard to sleep more than twelve hours a day and perhaps it is the energy derived from sleep, plus the strength of his big hands and wrists, that enables him to play hockey with such nerve and tirelessness. He is a devout Roman Catholic, although he goes through no religious ceremony before a game (Paul Gauthier, former Winnipeg goalkeeper who played for several minor professional teams, always knelt and said prayers before taking the ice). Richard says that before he goes out "I always think about it."

In the summertime he plays better-than-average golf—in the middle eighties—and every fall he moves to the tennis courts because he feels the game sharpens his eyes and tones his leg muscles. He likes fishing and working around his home in Cartierville, a Montreal suburb. He owns a so-called triplex in which the Richards occupy the basement and rent out the two upstairs floors. He paints the house, looks after the carpentry in an owner-putterer sort of way. And at the table he consumes anything his quiet brunette wife Lucille puts in front of him, calls her a good cook and especially appreciates her spaghetti and medium-well sirloin steak. The Richards' three children are Huguette, seven and a half, Maurice, six, and Norman, eighteen months. The ace scorer doesn't read much and when he does it's mostly detective story magazines. He doesn't give the sports pages his time because he says, he's not interested in what the hockey writers have to say.

Richard has tried a couple of business ventures, the first a

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Montreal Forum fans held a "Richard Night" and bought their hero a new car. His license is 9.



The Quackenbushes of Boston force the Rocket to the boards. Blocking Richard is an NHL routine.



The Richards live in the basement of their Montreal triplex with their three children. Maurice Jr. models Dad's "Maurice Richard Windbreaker."



HOW THE “OLD MAN” KEPT GOING

At seventy Churchill worked seventeen hours a day under the greatest strain a man can shoulder. His personal bodyguard tells how he did it — a strict regimen of relaxing baths, siestas behind a satin bandage, by chewing those famous cigars instead of smoking them, and by toying with those famous highballs for hours on end



By EX-DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR
W. H. THOMPSON

BETWEEN the beginning and the end of the Second World War my wife and I probably saw as much of Winston Churchill at work as any other two people alive. I was his personal bodyguard and Mrs. Thompson—who was Mary Shearburn until our marriage in 1945—was one of his secretaries, whose chief duty was taking personal dictation.

Of all the questions we are asked about our former employer one recurs most regularly: “How did he do it?” Legend has painted the Churchill of those war years as a nonstop smoker, a more than occasional drinker, a man careless of sleep, contemptuous of routine and profligate of energy who somehow, in spite of his rapidly advancing years (he was sixty-five when he became Prime Minister in 1940), managed to work incessantly and tirelessly at perhaps the most exacting and monumental job ever entrusted to a single human being. It is not strange that, for many people, the miracles he worked were no more remarkable than the miracle that he was able to keep on working.



Writer Thompson watches the boss as he inspects a bazooka during a visit to an American armored unit.

The truth is that even Mr. Churchill, astonishing physical machine though he is, couldn't have done it had he been so extravagant of his strength or so indifferent to his health as is commonly supposed. Great organizer that he was, he realized from the start the necessity of organizing himself; great planner that he was, he treated the planning of his work and life as an essential part of the grand strategy for winning the war.

As I wrote in the first installment of my recollections, he found it very difficult to remove himself from the smell of danger and, as the person charged with overseeing his safety, I often had cause to wish that he had been less the warrior and more the man of prudence. But even though this was not my direct concern, I, like everyone else on his personal staff, was well aware that the most insistent danger was that of strain and fatigue. In the defenses he built against those lurking enemies nothing was left to chance.

His working day began about 8 a.m. As soon as he awoke he would ask for the newspapers. He would then spend about twenty minutes looking



At Chartwell, his country home (above), or at No. 10 Downing Street, Churchill kept a firm schedule for eating and sleep.



At Monte Carlo on holiday Winnie swam. He finds baths a help in shedding strain.

through them. Then came breakfast, always a substantial meal during which he would look through the official news bulletins brought in by a private messenger. After breakfast, propped up with pillows and with a rubber pad for his elbows, he would light a cigar and begin work.

Just a word about those famous cigars. Mr. Churchill's consumption of tobacco is not nearly as great as many people suppose. He chews the end of his cigars and, as he becomes absorbed in the details of the day's tasks, he frequently lets the cigar go out. Before the mangled remains of a cigar was discarded it might have been lit a score of times and lasted through a couple of hours of concentrated thought.

Additionally, Mr. Churchill knows that the public likes to see him smoking one of the celebrated cigars and, showman that he is—in the best sense of the word—he hates to disappoint his public. I well remember how, as we drove through the cheering crowds between the House of Commons and Buckingham Palace on VE-Day, he asked me for a cigar. For once I had forgotten to bring his

case, so he said: "Drive to the annexe (of No. 10 Downing Street) and I will get one. I must put one on for them. They expect it."

It is the same with his drinking. During a long evening of conferences, successive visitors would find Mr. Churchill with a glass of whisky and soda at his elbow; but more often than not it would be the same drink which remained forgotten and hardly touched throughout the whole session.

When he was ready for his morning's work in bed his secretary sat at a typewriter by his bedside, ready for dictation. Mr. Churchill always began by opening his special brown-colored official box. He would go through his papers and dictate until 1 p.m. If he needed to confer with the Service chiefs he would receive them in his bedroom during the morning. Then he would rise and go to the bathroom for a hot bath, gargle and nasal douche. He would shave with an electric razor. Then he would dress and have lunch.

After lunch there would be more work for an hour or so until his afternoon siesta. Every day, in the afternoon or early evening, he would go back

to his bedroom, strip almost naked and get into bed. He would cover his eyes with a black satin bandage. It was one of my duties to have one of these bandages with me wherever we traveled. Sometimes, if we were on the road, he would lean back in the car, put one of the black bandages over his eyes and sleep peacefully with his head sunk into his chest.

When he went to bed for his hour's rest in the afternoon he slept almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. He had a special pillow and could always pick out his own if it had been mixed up with the others during packing. Many times when he retired for a siesta and I have taken the satin bandage to him he has been asleep before I left the room.

After the siesta Mr. Churchill took his second bath before dressing for dinner. His two baths a day were essential to him as a form of relaxation. And if the Old Man did not get his bath there was the dickens to pay.

Once in Egypt we had a train stopped and drew a supply from the

Continued on page 35



Churchill often relaxed in bright dressing gowns even when greeting leaders like Eisenhower and Alexander.



With Soviet Ambassador Maisky in 1941. Thompson says the "Old Man" often sipped at one drink for hours.

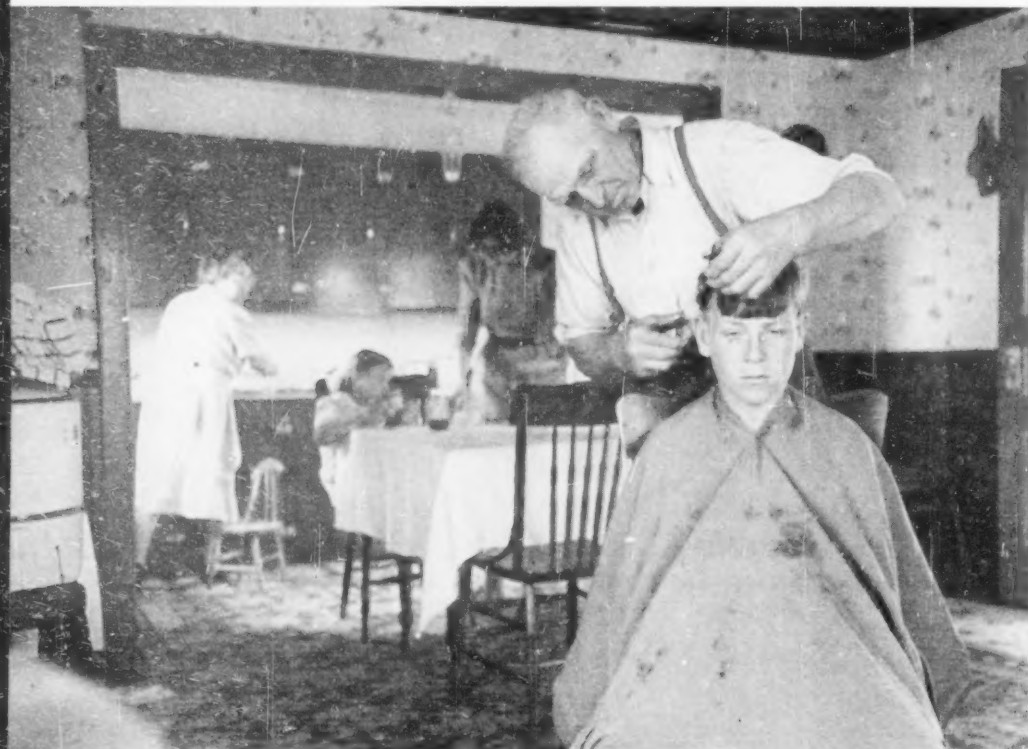
MAGGIE'S LEAVING HOME

Every year thousands of youngsters like Maggie Ingraham leave simple homes on seashore and prairie, pulled by the glittering magnet of the big cities' fabled ease and wealth. Instead of the wild tolling of the bell buoy in the rising tides, this Cape Breton girl will listen with excitement to the trolley bells of Toronto

By EDNA STAEBLER

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAUQUES

Pa Ingraham cuts anyone's hair for the fun of it. Also he makes wheelbarrows and fixes locks.



MAGGIE INGRAHAM is leaving her home in Neil Harbour, the secluded little fishing village down north on the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton. She is leaving the sea, the broad sky and the Highlands to get a job in Toronto. Maggie has never been farther than Sydney, a hundred odd miles away. She is little and lively and twenty and she wants to see the world.

"I know I'll miss the salt water," she says, looking seaward, "and I'll make Mom and them all feel right bad, but the Harbour is always the same like, and I can't learn nothin' more here."

The lure of the cities in the past three decades has changed Canada's population from fifty-four percent to forty-six percent rural and Maggie is part of the pilgrimage from country to town that is continual as the sailing of ships.

Like other restless young people who watch the roving tides from a lonely shore, like those who wildly dream where the wheatfields are golden, like the wistful ones whose eyes follow the stream on the highways that cut through their farmlands and hamlets, like many who are curious and eager and daring enough, Maggie in her rockbound Harbour is determined to seek her fortune far from the known ways of home.



Maggie sits by the Neil Harbour shore dreaming of Toronto's department stores and milk which comes in bottles.

While she listens to stories on the radio or to visitors from town, while she sees a moving picture or the shiny cars of the tourists who go around the Trail, Maggie imagines a life in the city that is warm and rich and exciting. And she chooses to go to Toronto with its fabulous wealth and variety, with Eaton's and Simpson's great stores, cocktail bars with names like Silver Rail, and her married sister Eva whose letters tell that she loves it though she'll always want to come back to visit Neil Harbour.

Bleached, windswept and beautiful, Maggie Ingraham's village is almost surrounded by the blue of the North Atlantic. The jagged rims of its cliffs curve round to a rocky point where a red-capped white lighthouse rises against the sky. Scattered over the slopes of a treeless hill are a hundred little houses with gables pointing to the sea where the fishing boats come in.

Old men whittle in the sun by the grey shingle stages clustered around the shore. Young men sway on the masts of the swordfishing boats as they search for the precious prey. Codfishermen wearing rubber boots and trousers split their catch on the blood-encrusted jetties. Their speech has the rich gusty tang of the Newfoundlanders who crossed the Cabot Strait, cleared the shallow earth

around the Harbor and established their holdings by squatters' rights eighty years ago.

There is little movement in the village: the occasional flash of color as a woman crosses a yard, the slow roaming of cows and horses outside the fences, the playing of children at the docks and on the roads. And there is little sound: only the whisper of the water, the shouts and laughter of the people, the calling of the birds, the moaning of the bell buoy.

She Hopes For Eighty a Month

No one is disturbed by a telephone ringing: there is no line into the village. Electric power is still on its way. The nearest high school is a hundred miles distant. Magazines and newspapers are not sold in Neil Harbour. There are no supermarkets to lure Maggie's mother from home—she does her shopping from the mail-order catalogues or by saying, "Philip, dear, run down to Archie's and get me a can of peas and anything fresh he's got in." In the fall her storehouse is filled with barrels of flour, sugar, salt herring, dried cod, frozen meat. "We has to save up in the busy months," she explains, "because in winter there's no way of

earning a cent till the boys catches seals off the drift ice."

There is little for Maggie to buy in the three little shops of the village. She has been saving her earnings to leave the life that is tranquil and sure for one that is startling and new. For a year she's been nurses' aiding and cooking at Neil Harbour's one-doctor, eight-bed, Red Cross hospital that is a place of delivery and relief for all the pregnancies and emergencies along sixty miles of coast. The twelve-hour duty is strenuous, allowing six half days off in a month that pays fifty-eight dollars. It is the only available work for a girl who lives in Neil Harbour except a job at eighteen cents an hour cleaning lobsters in season (May 15 to July 15). Maggie hopes to make eighty dollars a month when she finds something to do in the city.

"And every week I'll send home a present for somebody," she promises her family.

Maggie is fifth youngest of her mother's thirteen children. Matt, Fred, John and Jean have homes of their own in the village; Annie and her family live in Sydney Mines; Martha in Glace Bay; Eva with her husband and baby have two rooms in Toronto and Norman's away in the army because he wants to travel. The rest of the Ingrahams



Henry and Clara Ingraham with Maggie, ninth of their thirteen children. She says she'll come back to her shingle home on Cape Breton with presents for all.

live in the brown shingle house on the hill in Neil Harbour.

On a windy mid-July morning Henry, the father, hauls the last of his lobster traps for the season. Ewart, twenty-three, carries home a codfish by the tail for dinner before he returns to the shore to play poker. Bobbie, seventeen, milks Cherry, the freckle-rumped cow with the "government-tested" clip in her ear. Both boys are sharesmen of Fred whose boat they've made ready for swordfishing. Lillian, seven, plays with her nephew little Reid near the woodpile. Philip, thirteen, reluctantly draws buckets of water from the well. In the kitchen on the lounge behind the stove, plump little Alf Budge, eighty-one, from next door, wearing a red plaid shirt and a quarter inch of whiskers, is smoking his pipe and chewing. Jean and her baby have come in for a pickle jar of milk. Above the whirl of the gasoline-operated washing machine Clara May, Maggie's mother, is screaming, "Go darn these sox, they got as many holes into 'em as a herrin' net. And look at Ewart's shirt, his best one, put it on last night and went and launched a boat, now it's roight beat up."

Maggie, off night duty at seven, comes through the back door. "Soon I'll be goin' on a train for two days and two nights," she says gaily.

"Uh, uh," grunts the old man on the lounge, "it's a long ride fer yer first one."

"I'm not goin' to sleep all the way so I won't miss none of the sights." Maggie snatches the striped denim cap off old Alf's head, puts it on her own and pretends she is engineering. "Choo-choo, Lily, watch out or I'll run over you and the cat." She peers out of an imagined cab. "I wants to see what it's like when we leave Cape Breton and crosses over to Nova Scotia."

Maggie is merry and mad and impulsive; everyone waits for her coming so there will be laughter. Her restless *joie de vivre* can't be sustained in Neil Harbour. The moment she enters the house she turns on the radio to a Cape Breton station that

plays old-time music. "You got the money and I got the time," she sings and step dances, puts on a man's jacket and waves its long sleeves like a scarecrow.

"Maggie, now don't be so foolish," her mother calls. "Git on upstairs and paint the sills in the big boarder's bedroom. I've riz up the windows and took down the curtains."

As Maggie obeys she wistfully says, "It will be some strange to live in the city in a little small room by myself, in a house with no space around it."

The Ingrahams' house stands in the centre of its rocky field, the cow barn, pigpen and privy in the front corner blocking the view of the lighthouse but not from the sea, southward. Not a small house nor a large one. Clara May bought the front part for seven hundred dollars after her first husband died of illness from World War I; the back half was Henry's and he moved it over from his brother's field and connected it up when he married Clara May.

At first it was roughly finished but now every room has a door and is prettily papered. There

are linoleum mats on birch floors, the downstairs rooms have a waist-high paneling of pine. The front room has a chesterfield and upholstered chairs, the dining room has a couch and two leatherette rockers as well as a suite and a portrait of Clara May's first husband hanging above the radio. There are six double beds upstairs.

All the rooms in the house are used but everyone likes to gather in the enormous kitchen to be with Clara May, whose heart is as warm and crackling with affection as the fire that burns in the shiny big stove. There is always someone sitting on the rocker or the wooden lounge built into the corner, there is always a grandchild begging for a cookie, there is always a neighbor on the chair beside the door of the closed porch where the water pails and rubber boots are kept. The kitchen looks like a baby clinic when the young mothers come with their little ones to call for their daily pint.

"In town all you need do is put a ticket in a bottle outside your door and a man brings you your milk," Maggie tells them.

"For all that, I wouldn't want to do without my old cow," Clara May says fondly, "she's that noice and koind. Henry's got to sharpen the scythe and make hay for her one o' these days."

"Eva wrote I better get Dad to cobble all my shoes that needs it before I go," Maggie says.

"I guess you won't foind a man so handy as him in town," Clara May observes drily.

Like most men at Neil Harbour, where there are no specialists, Henry can do almost anything. He gets up at three in the morning and goes fishing till ten or eleven. He makes wheelbarrows and dories, he fixes locks, he chops wood, he does carpentry, painting and papering, he goes hunting and lumbering, he works on the roads. Throughout the day he shambles in and out of the house and down to the shore with a smile as enigmatic and perpetual as Mona Lisa's.

"But if

Continued on page 34

Brother Ewart (scratching head) says: "I'd rather stay where I'm at and go fishing." They play cards when the weather's bad.





Mr. R. G. Sweeting, manager of the Household Finance branch office at 327 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

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IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE



Martha Banning Thomas: Verses from a cottage high above ferocious Fundy.



P. J. Blackwell: In daylight he's CNR but come the dark he reels off rhyme.

WE DISCOVERED a long time ago that it doesn't do to generalize about writers. But then, for the most part, we have been writing about short story and article writers in this space. It wasn't until recently that we got in touch with people who write the verse that appears in this magazine. We discovered that without exception they were self-effacing, modest, and surprised that anyone should want to know about them.

Martha Banning Thomas, who has the most intriguing address (Anchor Light Cabin, Victoria Beach, N.S.) of any of our writers, sent a photograph in response to our request together with the explanation that "this photograph was taken when the twentieth century and I were working into our forties. Now, a grey-haired somewhat ancient crumpet, I live under two flags. Rooted in Connecticut, I transplanted myself with impulsive fervor (never regretted) to Nova Scotia, where, in a tiny cottage hanging above the ferocious Fundy, I stay many months of the year.

"Here a considerable amount of work has been done, verses, stories, and so on, published in Canada, the U. S. and England. Happiest moments occurred when (though unpaid and in my naïve twenties) I found myself among good company in the columns of those Big Three, who truly merited the name of columnists — Don Marquis, Alexander Woolcott and F. P. A."

Our letter reached P. J. Blackwell in Montreal at a time when he was deathly sick with food poisoning. With a practicality you wouldn't ordinarily expect from a poet, he kept a carbon copy of these biographical notes in case they were needed for an obituary, which they weren't: "During the 8.30 to 5 stint I work for the CNR. In spare time I teach economics at the Henry George

School of Social Science, and do some writing. My first published verse was written to celebrate a mistake my wife made in adding up the household accounts. Result: I've been writing light verse ever since, and making the mistakes in the accounts myself."

Patricia Skinner was born in Edmonton and worked for an ad agency in Toronto before moving to New York. She writes: "Am living in a small room with an open skylight and am constantly being pelted with rain, and the assorted debris from a hotel next door. Was surprised to see a monkey leering down at me one evening but it didn't look as though it wanted to get in."

I Guarded Winston Churchill, the second part of which appears on page 20, is taken from a book by ex-Detective Inspector W. H. Thompson, which will be published this month by the Ryerson Press under the title, I was Churchill's Shadow.

THE COVER



WILLIAM WINTER is willing to share his recipe for getting ideas for fall covers. "You use the Indian medicine-bag trick," he told us. "Procure one hotdog and roll, scorch both, drop in the sand, then splash mustard on hotdog and coat. This process immediately evokes a time when you belonged to the wiener-roast set. The painting soon begins to take shape."

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"Smart Buy's
Buick"

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

Letter From Austria

Continued from page 4

hated the Nazis and all their works.

There was another reason for Kaltenbrunner's choice of Alt Aussee. Three miles away there is a salt mine in which the Nazis had hidden much of the treasure and works of art which they had stolen. Not only that, they had also hidden their diaries there.

It must not be thought that the Gestapo chief lacked congenial company in his exile. In addition to his

mistress, who was soon to bear him twins, there was Herr Eigrubber, the local lawyer who had become Gauleiter of Austria. And then there was Kaltenbrunner's adjutant Schneider and his special guard of forty men. In fact, the Nazis did things in style.

War was waging down below but here was peace, an uneasy peace to be sure, for there was a menace in the wind at night and in the thunder that broke against the mountains.

But even in tragedy you must have comic relief and it arrived in the person of Baillie-Stewart, who, you may re-

member, was imprisoned in the Tower of London for selling secrets to the Germans when he was a lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He had served his sentence and then, wiping his feet of English soil, went to Germany and continued to work for the Nazis when the war broke out. When he reached Alt Aussee in 1945 he insisted upon speaking only German, so completely had he broken from his native country.

Asked by the girls of the village (who found him agreeable company) why he had turned against his own country he answered that it was because England

had treated Edward VIII with such ingratitude. This explanation appealed to Alt Aussee and "Jimmy Stewart" was a great favorite. I felt rather a cad when I shattered their illusions by explaining that the young man must have shown remarkable foresight since it was in 1933 that he went to the Tower, while Edward was still Prince of Wales. Mountain folk do not like legends to be destroyed.

About the same time as Stewart arrived Kaltenbrunner had a bright idea. Why not bring a powerful S.S. Austrian battalion and defend this mountain pass? It had the makings of an unconquerable fortress and he might be able to bargain for his life. So they brought the battalion up the long climb, whereupon the troops just disappeared into thin air, taking their rifles and hand grenades with them. They were not going to give their lives fighting for the necks of Messrs. Kaltenbrunner and Eigrubber. So the days passed in breathless waiting.

At this point I must introduce you to Lieut.-Col. Ralph Pearson, a youngish professor in the State of Missouri who had enlisted in the U. S. Army and had won swift promotion. On May 6, 1945, he arrived here with a special unit because the Americans had heard a rumor that crown jewels were hidden in the salt mine. He had no suspicion that there was anything more exciting about his assignment.

As an American he was no doubt pleased when, on arrival, he was invited to take tea with Countess Platen. He found the Countess most lively company and was particularly interested in her stories of the attractive Mr. Baillie-Stewart. The colonel had a good memory and decided that this was the famous Prisoner of the Tower. Then Pearson received an invitation from Prince Hohenloe, who arranged to move into his own garage so that the colonel could have his house. Prince Hohenloe is an excellent raconteur and when he finished his stories of the interesting new arrivals in the village the colonel's eyes were fairly bulging from their sockets.

Kaltenbrunner had gone into hiding in the mountains but spies were put on the houses occupied by his mistress and the wife of his adjutant. Eventually the hide-out was discovered and plans were laid for the capture or the kill. Whereupon Colonel Pearson received a peremptory order to return to headquarters at once and report on the art treasures. "You must mean someone else," was the colonel's reply. There are times when a lot can be said for the adaptability of American discipline.

The hide-out of the Nazis was in an abandoned lodge on a mountain owned by Prince Hohenloe, who promptly produced a photograph of it and described the approaches. Pearson had two lieutenants and twelve picked men but with the assistance of four Austrian resistance men they drew off some of Kaltenbrunner's guard by a clever ruse. Even so, the affair bristled with danger and the threat of failure. But just then Frau Schneider, wife of the Nazi chief's adjutant, offered to accompany the expedition and try to persuade her husband to surrender without fighting. From midnight the little avenging force climbed until six-thirty in the morning and then took up their positions about the house. One of the lieutenants, his name was Matheson, volunteered to enter the house by himself on the pretext that he had messages for the Germans. He was allowed to enter and was at once surrounded by sleepy suspicious Nazis. Then he gave the signal and the Americans rushed in with their machine guns.

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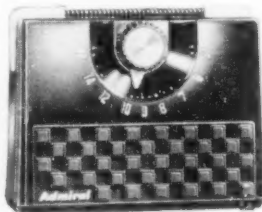


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But no one had ever heard of Kaltenbrunner or his adjutant! They were just a collection of Nazi deserters who meant no harm to anyone. Then, like a scene in a pitiful tragedy, Frau Schneider saw her husband and rushed up to kiss him. That was the kiss of death.

Kaltenbrunner denied his own identity until Pearson suggested it might be better to hand him over to the Russians for questioning. At this the man of iron melted into tears and behaved like a good little boy. To give him his due he stood up without a whimper when at Nuremberg I saw him sentenced to death two years later.

A couple of days ago I was introduced to a young Austrian whose serious face and sombre eyes made him seem something apart from others of his age. Then he told me his name. His father was Herr Eigrubber, the Austrian Gauleiter, who was tried and executed by the Americans. The boy renounced nothing and there was no friendliness in his eyes. The sins of Hitler will be visited on generations yet unborn.

They are charming people, these villagers of Alt Aussee. Their salutation is *Gruß Gott*, which can be most nearly translated as God's greeting. Their houses are covered with flowers and there is beauty everywhere. On Saturday night when we dance there is such stamping of feet and whirling about as you have never seen outside of the cinema. In their little cemetery, where photographs are medallioned onto the stone, you can see the resting place of those who died for Austria in battles or in the peaceful pleasant span of normal life.

Not many hours away the Russians are in occupation. "Asia came to Vienna in a day!" is the dramatic way the Austrians put it as they shrug their shoulders. Their fate is no longer in their own hands for they have neither air force, navy, army nor emperor. "The old civilization is dead," they say. "The leadership has passed to the two most primitive people in the world—the Russians and the Americans."

Whereupon the Austrian in Vienna hums a melody from *The Magic Flute* or a lilting waltz refrain from a Strauss operetta and saunters to an open-air café where he sips his amber ale, slowly and affectionately, for he is not sure that he will be able to afford it tomorrow, or whether there will even be a tomorrow.

In a few hours we shall begin our journey home, but this time we shall drive to Paris and from there to Calais. I could not bear to look again on the ruins of Cologne, where the rebuilding only makes the mass of rubble more grotesque. Even the Rhine, with its vineyards and ancient castles, has a sombre beauty that speaks of death.

But there is hope in the resurgence of Western Germany, where the people say, "We live to work and we work to live." There is hope in the courage of the Germans in West Berlin, who feel the breath of the Russian bear upon their necks and are unafraid. There is hope in the revival of the national spirit in France, and there is hope in the strong sanity of Great Britain with its sense of the centuries and its infinite patience. America did well by civilization when she poured her wealth into the old world and halted the processes of disintegration.

There is hope in this village of Alt Aussee, for it gives us the magic of the moon rising above the mountain and the shimmering loveliness of the little lakes—and can it be denied that truth is beauty and that beauty is truth? ★

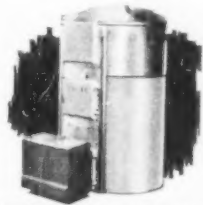
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CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER: A rattling good yarn about British tars in 1807 and their dauntless stands against Spanish pirates and Napoleon's naval gunnery. Virginia Mayo is much less believable than Gregory Peck.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA: G. Peck turns up again—and quite convincingly, too—in a sincere, spectacular but draggy Technicolor epic about the Biblical king of Israel and his guilty passion for the wife of one of his soldiers. Susan Hayward is the Bathsheba.

FLYING LEATHERNECKS: Uncle Sam's Marine fliers dish it out against the Japs in an air-war drama which has to its credit a lot of topnotch action shots, some of it actual combat footage. The plot, though, is that tired oldie about the harsh disciplinarian (John Wayne) and the "good guy" (Robert Ryan) who serves under him.

LAUGHTER IN PARADISE: A practical joker bequeaths huge sums to four relatives, but they have to fulfill certain screwball "conditions" to get the money. The fun is by no means unflagging, but Alastair Sim is a richly comic character as a fellow of immense dignity who secretly writes pulp-paper whodunits. A British film.

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB: If you saw and enjoyed *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, or *Tight Little Island*, don't pass up this one, another British comedy which tweaks the nose of the law and manages to be very funny while doing it. Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway appear as bank robbers with a taste for the finer things.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: I found only a few fleeting chuckles in this strained and interminable drawing-room farce about a lady's maid (Greer

Garson) and a roguish nobleman (Michael Wilding) who plan to steal the jewels of a raucous American widow (Marjorie Main).

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW: The husband-and-wife backstage plot is yawningly familiar, but the songs and dances are fresh and amusing. Betty Grable and MacDonald Carey are the affable co-stars.

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY: A well-tailored comedy-drama about an absent-minded scientist (James Stewart) who goes to any lengths to prevent a plane crash which he has predicted all along. Stewart's performance is embarrassingly overdone. Fortunately, Marlene Dietrich is also on board.

A PLACE IN THE SUN: A splendid job from Hollywood; one of the year's best from anywhere. Director George Stevens and his skilled scripters have modernized Theodore Dreiser's 1925 novel, *An American Tragedy*, and preserved most of its power and pity. A fine cast includes Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor.

RHUBARB: H. Allen Smith's uproarious yarn, about a tomcat which inherits a big league baseball team, has been made into a pretty funny movie, although it has dull patches. Ray Milland is the animal's distraught guardian.

THE TALL TARGET: A competent little suspense story starring Dick Powell as a dogged New York detective trying to save President-elect Abe Lincoln from an assassin's bullets in 1861. There is scant doubt, of course, about the final outcome.

TERESA: A frightened young war veteran brings his bride home from Italy and runs into harrowing emotional problems, most of them due to his mama. Recommended.

GILMOUR RATES

Alice in Wonderland: Via Disney. Fair.
Apache Drums: Western. Fair.
As Young as You Feel: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Carnival (new title for—Ace in the Hole): Drama. Tops.
Bitter Rice: Sex melodrama. Fair.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.
The Dark Man: Suspense. Fair.
Excuse My Dust: Comedy. Fair.
Fabiola: "Epic" melodrama. Fair.
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.
First Legion: Religious drama. Fair.
Follow the Sun: Golf drama. Good.
Fort Worth: Western. Fair.
Fourteen Hours: Suspense. Excellent.
Francis Goes to the Races: "Talking mule" farce. Fair.
The Frogmen: Undersea war. Good.
Go for Broke! War. Excellent.
Goodbye, My Fancy: Drama. Fair.
The Great Caruso: Musical. Good.
Hard, Fast & Beautiful: Drama. Poor.
Here Comes the Groom: Comedy. Good.
Hollywood Story: Whodunit. Fair.
House on Telegraph Hill: Drama. Fair.
Iron Man: Boxing drama. Fair.
Kind Lady: Melodrama. Good.
Kon-Tiki: True sea adventure. Good.
M: Neurotic murder tale. Fair.
The Magnet: British comedy. Good.

Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell: Light comedy. Fair.
Night Into Morning: Drama. Fair.
Night Without Stars: Melodrama. Poor.
On Moonlight Bay: Musical. Fair.
Passage West: Western. Fair.
The Prowler: Adult drama. Excellent.
Rawhide: Suspense western. Good.
Rich, Young & Pretty: Musical. Fair.
Royal Wedding: Astaire musical. Good.
Salerno Beachhead (re-issue of—A Walk in the Sun): War. Excellent.
Santa Fe: Railroad western. Good.
The Scarf: Melodrama. Poor.
Sealed Cargo: Naval espionage. Fair.
Secret of Convict Lake: Drama. Fair.
7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Show Boat: Musical. Good.
Sirocco: Bogart drama. Fair.
Strangers on a Train: Suspense with comedy. Excellent.
Strictly Dishonorable: Comedy. Fair.
Take Care of My Little Girl: College sorority drama. Fair.
Tarzan's Peril: Ape man yarn. Fair.
That's My Boy: Comedy. Fair.
The Thing: Space monster. Good.
Vendetta: Melodrama. Poor.
Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.
Warpath: Western. Fair.
White Corridors: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Exotic Dream of Adam Draycott

Continued from page 13

to treat the whole matter as a rather tedious idiosyncrasy. They were a habit to each other, and for that reason remained together. The more irritable he became the more she rated and abused him.

It was when the hot summer days came that he rebelled most against his humdrum life. It was not that he wanted any wild adventures. He had persuaded himself that the mere fact of being in poster-land would be adventure enough. Clerks abroad no doubt thought they were leading a humdrum life too, but Draycott knew better. And so this summer of his forty-fifth year found him in his usual mood of sullen anger. His wife's incessant chatter about nothing got on his nerves. Every time she called the cat Boopsie he bit his lip. Every time the boy came home from the stadium, banged the door, and shouted, "What a dawg! What a dawg!" he winced. Then would come a long account of the night's racing and Thora's "It must have been fun," and the boy's "You're telling me!" and a peal of silly laughter. And then the gibberings and groanings of the wireless.

He knew that his wife and son both thought he was a fool and that Thora had grown to dislike him, partly because of the antagonism between him and Charles, and partly because she resented his attitude of patient hostility to herself. He took to going to bed early and, instead of reading, he would lie on his back and imagine that the chance had come for him to get away from it all. A travel film of Algiers had excited him very much. It seemed to be so very like the posters. His visual memory was by now so well trained that he could sit down in one of the cafés any night he pleased and watch the people going by. Then he could explore the steep cobbled streets of the Casbah and the gape at the Moorish houses. And inland was the great mystery of the Atlas . . . And the gods watched him as he lay on his bed, and began to laugh.

THORA DRAYCOTT was a large unemotional woman, but even she grew excited, when, in that very summer, her Aunt Martha died and left her enough money to live comfortably. It meant a little bungalow in Bognor or thereabouts for the hot months. It meant that she could help Charles to go into the greyhound business. It meant that Adam could go abroad for a bit—the longer the better. She would have Charles to herself. As for Adam, he made no attempt to hide his delight—or the cause of it.

That night he made his plan. He would take out all his savings and do the thing in style. Marseilles . . . Algiers . . . Next morning he felt ten years younger. The thought that he was really going away, and not merely dreaming about it, intoxicated him. His colleagues were amazed at his gaiety. He even cracked jokes. What amused him was that he had no need to consult any timetable. He knew every detail of his intended journey by heart—the times of departure and arrival, the stopping places, and anything of interest to look at on the way. He gave notice to the firm and informed his wife in a pompous speech that he was going away for good, she might as well divorce him for desertion. He had no intention of coming back. His solicitor was instructed to do all that was necessary. Poste Restante, Algiers, would serve for an address.

"You don't suppose I shall be writing



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You'll find travel really delightful in your CNR duplex roomette as you lean back and watch the view through the broad picture window . . . read, write or smoke if you want to. Ask the Canadian National about this economical, exclusive travel accommodation, available on important routes.

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you love letters, do you?" she asked.

"No," he said sharply. "I don't suppose that. But I should like my correspondence forwarded."

To Charles who said, "The Guv'nor's going off on the razzle," he gave his usual pained smile.

Outside the house the life of Balham went on. The heat rose from the pavements, the traffic roared by, the sweating crowds jostled and pushed. Adam looked out of the window with hatred and contempt in his eyes. He would soon be rid of this sordid noisy suburb. He had no notion of what he was going to do after reaching Algiers. Once he got as far as that, the world was his.

When he left the house finally he did not even look back at it. He was in too much of a hurry to be off. It was hardly believable that nothing would stop him at the last moment, and when he arrived at the station an hour too early he walked up and down the platform in a fever of impatience.

He spent the night in Paris and left early in the morning. In Marseilles he told himself that he could smell the East, and he spent a day walking slowly about the city and the docks and sitting in cafés. It was all exactly as he had expected: strange, exciting, exotic. He suffered intensely from the heat, but was not this the sun-drenched Midi?

Next day he boarded the ship for Algiers, and was sick for most of the passage. But he was on deck to see the Sahel hills backing the climbing town, the crowded harbor, the unfamiliar lateen sails, the quays, the great arches of the Boulevard de la République, and a mosque exactly where it had been in the travel film. He felt that he was coming home.

HE TOOK a small room in a stuffy hotel in the modern French part of the town and for three weeks walked about in a wonderland, slaking the thirst of a lifetime. He never tired of saying to himself, "I am walking along the street called Bab-el-Oued . . . This is Bab-Azoun . . . These dark men are Berbers . . . This is the suburb of Bab-el-Wad, a bit of old Spain . . ." He lived in the moment, making no plans. Nothing disappointed him, and the days were too short for him to see all that he wanted to see. He did not even realize that he had nobody to talk to and had not made a single acquaintance, until one evening he sat down in a café in the Rue d'Isly.

At the next table there was a lively party of French people. They were full of laughter and when the man nearest to him asked for a light for his cigarette Adam Draycott answered rather eagerly in his Kozitravelle French. The man asked him if he was on holidays, and, in a short time, Adam found himself drawn into the party. They made room for him at their table

and he sat down between a sallow young man and a pleasant-looking woman. Adam came out of his shell with a rush, drank more than he intended to, talked more than he meant to, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. They all seemed to take him for granted, especially the pleasant woman.

They all called her Gabrielle, and she was introduced to him as *Mme Lestocq*. She was in her middle thirties, handsome in a kind of passive way, and she talked to Adam in a confidential intimate tone which he found most

attractive. Let it not be thought that he had any romantic ideas about women. His marriage had made him a realist on those matters. What he appreciated was companionship, and the chance companionship of these people supplied the only thing hitherto lacking in his rapturous holiday. He decided to lead more of a café life in the evenings and to take every opportunity of conversation.

About a week later he saw her again. This time she was alone at a table and she greeted him like an old friend. He sat down beside her. She spoke English

better than he spoke French, and he learned that she was the widow of a minor official who had died two years ago in Algiers. They dined together in a noisy little eating house and arranged to meet again. They became friends, and the widow, who also had lost her illusions, began to think that a man who made no demands was a rarity. And since she never scared him by introducing anything sentimental into their relationship he was contented in her company. She knew Algiers thoroughly, and together they made many expeditions.



Canned Salmon CASSEROLE



Canned Salmon SALAD

CANNED SALMON-Money-

by **CLAIRE WALLACE**

Canada's Famous Radio Personality

With at least a thousand meals to plan, prepare and serve her family every year, you couldn't blame Mrs. Homemaker if she became fed-up with the whole subject of food. She doesn't; a fact that is a tribute to her patience and intelligence.

Three happy factors come to her rescue. Every woman enjoys serving good food . . . there is always something interesting to learn about food . . . and there is always Canned Salmon to serve for delicious, easily-prepared meals and snacks.

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and Canned Salmon, with its delicate flavor, attractive appearance and variety of ways it can be used, is the answer. Second, but equally important, is *nutrition* and again Canned Salmon fills the bill because it is a good source of body-building protein. *Economy* counts these days, and that is another way in which Canned Salmon shines, because there is absolutely no waste. Be sure to use the liquor in a can of Salmon. Every tempting morsel of Canned Salmon is wholesome food that may be extended with potatoes, rice, macaroni or other

foods to serve a number of people.

Knowing about the foods we serve makes them more interesting. I wish every woman could visit Salmon Canning plants on the West Coast of Canada as I did recently. Glistening fresh Salmon, caught in the Fraser River, is brought to the plants where modern machines provide one fascinating sight after another. Cleaning, for example, is done at the rate of sixty fish a minute! As soon as the Salmon is packed, the cans are hermetically sealed. Cooking is done by steam so that the flavor, the attractive color and food value

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Advertisement

Time passed rapidly and one day he realized that he had spent too much money. His savings were melting and he had the mountains and the deserts to explore. He confessed to her his longing to go off into the strange world that haunted him, and she said, "You will find it dirty and dull and dangerous. You are, after all, a romantic." Two days later she told him that there was a vacancy in the house where she had an apartment and that he could live there much more cheaply than in his hotel.

Realizing that this sort of thing had

never had any place in his dreams, but being by now, to a certain extent, dependent on her companionship, he left his hotel. Before he knew what he was doing the friendship had become a sentimental one and he awoke one day to find that he had been a year in Algiers, and that his travels had not even begun; also, that his savings were almost gone, and that her contribution to their expenses was not large enough. He would have to get a job. When he told her this she took it as an obvious fact. "Either one is a gentleman of leisure," she said, "or one is not."

WHAT kind of a job could he get in Algiers? He began to worry and so became irritable, and soon discovered that Gabrielle disliked any sort of disturbance or fuss. He saw that his peace of mind and hers depended on his being able to earn enough money for their simple tastes. Then one day, as he was walking along a street, and wondering what he could turn his hand to do, he was pulled up short by a garish poster in a huge window, and found himself outside a travel agency.

A travel agency! Why had he not

thought of this before? Here was a job that he was qualified to do. He was so excited that he went straight in and asked for an interview. After waiting some time he was taken into a large bright room, occupied by a fat grey-haired man at an untidy desk. The man made a note of his qualifications, but gave no sign of approval or disapproval. Adam, talking his unimpressive French, said that perhaps he might be of use in dealing with English and American tourists. The man appeared to consider this for a moment. Then he said, "We have no vacancy. I will write to your old firm in London for confirmation of what you have told me. Leave your address, in case anything might turn up." Adam knew what that kind of answer meant in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred and as he walked home he did not feel like the hundredth case.

When he told Gabrielle what he had done she said, "I had thought of that, but they don't pay very much." She seemed to be sulky and Adam became depressed and angry. Ten days later he received two letters. One told him that, because of a transfer, the travel agency could offer him a job. The other, which he picked up at the Post Office, was from his solicitor. His wife had divorced him.

Gabrielle insisted on celebrating that night and when they returned home from the restaurant she said to him, "My little cabbage, I have always been a respectable woman till you came along. Have you anything to say to me, now that you are no longer married?"

Adam's mouth went dry. He could think of nothing to say. For suddenly he saw clearly the situation into which he had blundered. What had become of his new life? It was going to be exactly like the old life. He was caught, trapped.

"I am not romantic like you," she was saying. "I don't want to be flattered. But I like ordinary courtesy and decent feelings. Did you think that I was the kind of woman who would be contented to go on living like this—like any sailor's girl?"

"I never meant—" began Adam. "I just didn't think. I meant no harm."

"There'll be no harm done then," she answered.

He said no more and she looked hard at him. He could see that she was growing angry.

"We'll get married," he said.

"As soon as you like," she replied curtly.

TWO WEEKS later they were married, and by that time Adam had got back into the routine of his old life. By day he stood at a counter, with posters on every side of him. But it was without any of his old eagerness that he dispensed information and handed out leaflets. In fact there was a weariness in his voice, and sometimes exasperation, when he answered questions about the places he had never seen. Their names no longer had the power of magic over him. They were like music of which he had grown tired. Constantine, Biskra, Touggourt, Temacine, Brezina, Ain Sefra. They were probably dull and dirty, like Algiers.

And any evening this drab little man may be seen waiting for a tram; pushing, sweating, cursing; hating the crowds and the noise and the smells. He arrives home out of temper, and his taciturnity and his irritability antagonize his wife, so that she rates him and abuses him just as Thora used to do. They have become a habit to each other and, for no better reason, they remain together. There is even a cat to put out at night, a cat called Bibi, more hated than Boopsie ever was. ★



Canned Salmon SANDWICH



Canned Salmon A LA KING

Key-Saving Menu Maker

are retained. You can have the utmost confidence in the care with which Salmon is canned.

Out of literally thousands of delicious Canned Salmon recipes, I have chosen the following two for you. The first will provide a nutritious, tasty, hurry-up meal. The other is a dish fit for a king, distinctive, rich in flavor, yet easy to make. Do try them!

SALMON A LA KING—2 tbsp. butter, margarine, fat or salad oil; 3 tbsp. all-purpose flour; 1 tbsp. minced onion; 2 cups milk or 1 cup evaporated milk plus 1 cup water; ½ tsp. salt; few grains pepper;

½ tsp. paprika; ½ lb. tin of salmon; ½ cup cooked mushrooms; 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper.

Melt butter in top of double boiler, add onion and simmer until tender. Blend in flour; stir in milk, salt, pepper and paprika. Cook over boiling water while stirring until smooth and thickened. Add flaked salmon, heat and serve on toast, in patty shells, in toast cups or boiled white rice. Serves four.

SALMON CASSEROLE—1 cup macaroni; ¼ cup margarine; ¼ cup flour; 2 cups milk; 2 ½-lb. tins Salmon; 1 tbsp. chopped

onion; 2 tbsp. chopped pimento; salt and pepper; 1½ cups grated cheese; ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain, arrange in greased 2-quart casserole. Add Salmon, flaked, mix lightly. Melt margarine; add onion and pimento; cook until onion is golden. Add flour, blend; gradually add milk; cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Add Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Add cheese; stir until melted. Pour sauce over macaroni. Bake in moderate oven (350) for 20 mins. Serves six.

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SARNIA—Barge's Cleaners & Dyers
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STAMFORD CENTRE—Power City Cleaners
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LACHUTE—L. Heureux Cleaners & Dyers
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NORANDA—Ideal Cleaners & Dyers
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SHAWINIGAN FALLS—Phil. Levasseur
SHERBROOKE—Crown Laundry of Sherbrooke
SOREL—La Buanerie De Sorel
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VAL D'OR—Ideal Cleaners
SASKATCHEWAN
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Maggie's Leaving Home

Continued from page 24

that man knows there's a hair cuttin' to do he'd do it 'stead of earnin', he's that crazy for it," Clara May declares. In the Ingraham kitchen, the yard or the cow barn—wherever is most convenient—Henry safety-pins the back slit of an old khaki coat round the neck of whoever comes for a clipping. His skill in the barberless village has a reputation. "He never finished Reid's hair though," Clara May says. "Got half done and stopped to empty the pail of slops under the sink and the chold hasn't let him get handy to him since. Henry's give him soda pop and tatie chips but he won't let him near with the scissor. He's been runnin' round for a week now with 'is head just half cut."

"I might learn hair dressin'," Maggie speculates. "They pay money for a hair cut in town."

"You better stick to housework," Clara May advises. "That's what you knows how to do."

Maggie scowls. "I'd rather go in a factory, you don't got to work so long."

"Work won't hurt you, you'll never git sick while you've somethin' to do and someone to do for," says Clara May whose work for her family is never done. Unlike the city housewife who has electricity and plumbing to make life easy, she gets up at five every morning, starts the fire and cooks porridge, bacon and eggs for the boarders who work on the roads and the boys who go fishing. She bottles the milk and looks after the hens, grumbling. "The broody old things always lays away if I don't bar 'em up." Before she starts washing, scrubbing or sweeping her always spotless house, she makes pies or bran muffins and cake. Twice a week she bakes bread. "They loike the homemade so much better'n what the truck brings from town," she says. "That baker's stuff don't seem to last no time inside 'em when they's out on the water. Henry, git me some chips, there ain't a livin' spark in the stove."

There is always a good smell of cooking when the fire burns bright. Cod, mackerel, herring, haddock, halibut, salmon and lobster are an hour from the cold salt water. Roast chicken is a favorite and corned beef convenient; frozen meat is often ordered from the little general store. Uncanned vegetables are scarce, greens seldom seen, fresh fruits in season are bought by the dozen but berries can be picked on the barrens by anyone feeling inclined.

"Soon I'll just have to sit in a restaurant and order whatever I like," Maggie lights a cigarette like a *grande dame*. "I'm goin' to tell 'em my name is Marguerite," she says impishly, "or should I change it to Bernadette?"

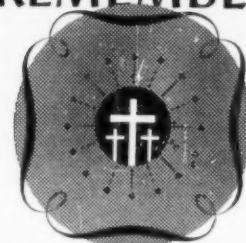
"Oh Maggie, don't talk so, I don't know how we'll get on without you," her mother laments.

A twinge crosses Maggie's face. "I'll make lots o' money and send Lily a dress and I'll get ties for Ewart and Dad straight out of Eaton's and Simpson's." Maggie dances around the room. "And I'll buy myself a formal and go to a New Year's ball in a big high building like we seen in the pitchers."

"You'll git lonesome when you ain't handy to home," Ewart tells her as he shaves off his weekly whiskers at the kitchen sink.

"No I won't. Eva and her husband Richard and others from the Harbour's up there, there's lots o' Cape Bretoners in Toronto, they has a dance for 'em every month. Why don't you come too, Ewart? We could get a place together."

REMEMBER



Wear a Poppy

Ewart shakes his head. "I'd rather stay where I'm at and go fishin'."

Maggie grabs him and they swing to the radio's happy music. Bobbie swings with Lily, Clara May swings Philip and they all laugh with breathless delight.

"Truck goin' over to Dingwall tonight for a dance," says the stout old man from next door who always sits in the Ingraham's lounge to smoke his pipe and chew.

Clara May protests. "They can't spend money fer that, they got just as good times in their own place. Bobby Fricker plays the guitar loud as any I heard and Herman's right smart on the fiddle."

"But I loves to drive in a car," Maggie's eyes are gleaming. "When I gets up there to Ontario maybe I'll get some rides; everybody there's got cars."

Though all the fishermen own or share a boat with a motor, only four people in the village have a car: the preacher, the doctor, fisherman Kootch Fricker and Sam Foss, who runs a canteen. When there is a dance in Ingonish or Dingwall, twelve miles either way from Neil Harbour, the young people pay a dollar a trip to ride in the back of a truck.

"You goin' to dance, Alf?" Maggie asks the old man.

He looks surprised and says, "If my legs wasn't bad I'd take you. Ain't been to a dance in seventy year."

Ewart says, "You was too, you ain't that old. I'm only twenty-three and I remembers the time you fell over the bank behind Day's."

The old man uncomfortably rubs his hand across his long yellow mustache and shakes his head. "No, no."

"Yis you was," Ewart persists, "I seen you."

Henry, blissfully riding Lillian and a grandchild on the rocker, says, "They had to haul 'im up with a rope."

Ewart goes on, "You ain't so old or so bad off as you makes out, you's just as smart as we is if you wants to be. If you had a quart of rum in you you'd be good at a dance as ever you was."

"You thinks I's fat," the old man says, "but I ain't, I's swole." He gets up indignantly and walks out of the house.

"Ewart, you shouldn't tease the pore old man," Clara May says fondly, "it's a sin, that's what it is, it's a sin."

Henry grins. "Did you see the bottle sticking out his back pocket?"

After supper the old men of Neil Harbour go to the shore to learn the latest news. The children wait on the dock for the swordfishing boats to come in. A little crowd gathers at Foss's for ice cream cones and pop. One night a week there's a double showing of moving pictures in the hall of the Orange Lodge.

The most popular pastime at dusk is to walk up and down the road.

Groups of boys sit on the grassy banks and whistle and call to the girls who pass by. Sometimes they follow and clasp them or they walk together to the rocky slopes above the sea and smoke a cigarette. Sometimes there's a roast on the sand beach where the daring ones have a swim.

There's a dance twice a month in the Legion Hall where a rule of no swearing or fighting is very strictly enforced. The bar in the corner sells Iron Brew, Root Beer and Cokes. The nearest liquor store is sixty miles away but sometimes the boys go to Dingwall and get a bottle off a schooner to drink behind the bushes before they crowd into the hall where the benches around the walls are solid with women and girls and there's room for five squares on the floor.

"Oi guess you'll git nothin' but round dancin' in town," a girl says to Maggie as she steps up to her partner.

"I loves that," says Maggie who's been twirling all night in the sets.

Most of Maggie's friends who have stayed in Neil Harbour are married and having a baby every year but they don't miss the dances—though their husbands sometimes stay home. Maggie walks home with them in the darkness: past the Anglican church and the schoolhouse, beside the rocky high banks of the sea toward the yellow flame of the lighthouse, up the winding hill to the Ingraham house where a lamp burns all night at the top of the stairs. Maggie's busy little body isn't still for a moment till she kneels in prayer at the side of her bed.

On the morning of Maggie's departure the sun shines on the prairies, the highways and all the quiet little places where venturesome youngsters leave home. It shines bright in Neil's Harbour. Lines from lobster traps are hanging over fence rails to dry, bobbers and killicks are piled on the shore. Fishermen paint hulls and fix engines. A swordfish was brought in last evening and excitement in the village is high. The snapper boats have been launched and the men are going out on the sea.

Two brand-new traveling bags labeled Toronto are waiting in the Ingraham's front hall. The family is in the kitchen round the breakfast table. Henry sips his tea and says, "It was quite a family when all thirteen was at home. We used to need twelve barrels of flour in a year, now we'll only need four."

"Ewart thinks Maggie will be home again, don't you Ewart?" Clara May asks hopefully.

"Lots went away and came back to Cape Breton," Ewart consoles her.

"I won't till I got a car," says Maggie. "Unless I come home for Christmas."

Getting up and looking at the sea Ewart says, "It blows harder outside than it does in handy."

"I ain't scared," Maggie's eyes are brightly excited.

Ewart puts on his swordfishing cap and walks to the door, "Well, so long," he says to the sister he loves best of anyone in the world.

"So long," says Maggie.

Clara May shouts, "Maggie, you eat your breakfast. Do you want to starve to death on the way?"

Maggie asks quickly, "You goin' fishin' now too, Bobbie?"

"Yes, so long."

"So long."

Clara May's eyes fill with tears and she stays by the front-room window as Henry and Philip and Jean go down the hill to the bus that will carry Maggie away.

When Ewart came home for supper at night he shivered and said, "It seems just like a fall day, don't it?" And Henry when he came said the same. ★

I Guarded Churchill

Continued from page 21

boiler of the locomotive. On another occasion, during the blitz, we arrived at Bristol in the small hours of the morning after a heavy raid. Mr. Churchill made enquiries about the damage, then turning to the hotel manager said: "Can I have a bath?"

"Yes, sir," answered the manager without batting an eyelid. And he mobilized all his available staff, who carried up hot water from the kitchens in pails, cans and jugs.

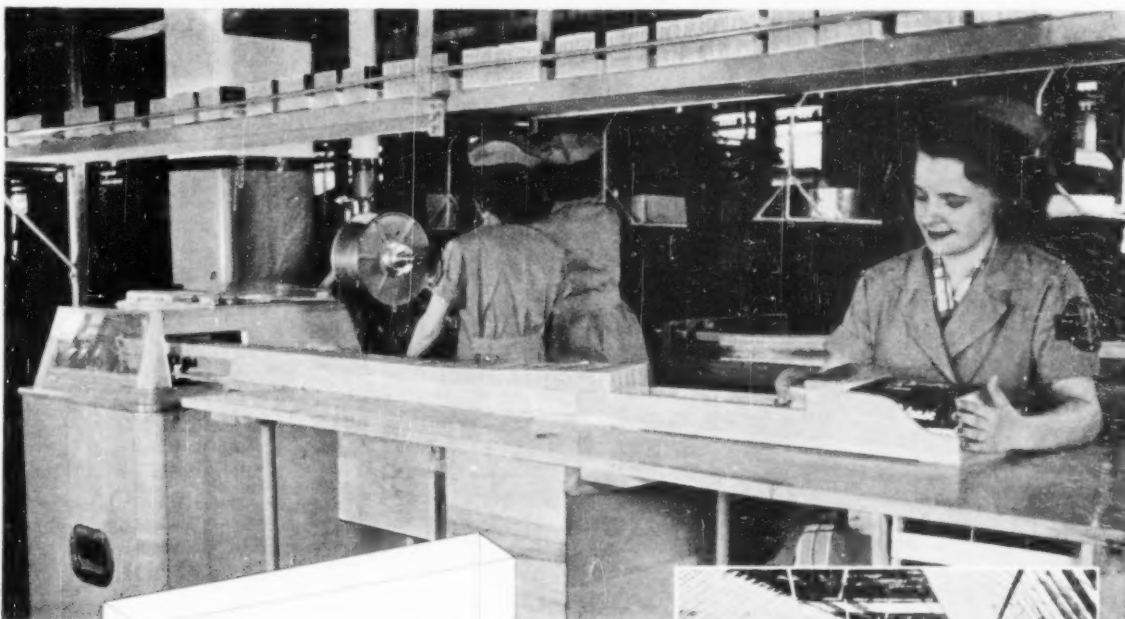
After dinner Mr. Churchill might relax for an hour or so with a film show, but more often he went straight back to work. This final session went on until early morning. On some of these long night sessions he would drive himself and his secretary to the limit of physical endurance. More than once my wife has been seated opposite him in the cabinet room and fallen asleep while waiting for the next burst of dictation—only to wake in terror to find the Old Man in full spate.

But there were occasions when Winston Churchill was also unable to go

on, and the Prime Minister and secretary sat, one on each side of the table, both with leaden eyes closed, in spite of all efforts to keep them open.

Wherever we were during the war, in London or at Chequers, the country residence of Britain's prime ministers, whether we were traveling by car, train or ship, a secretary would be at hand for Mr. Churchill's continual dictation. In a car he was taken down in shorthand, but elsewhere, even in trains, he dictated directly onto the typewriter. Special cases were made for the kind of machine he likes and typewriters

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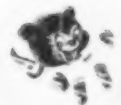


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were taken on every journey we made.

On a train traveling at speed the curiously sibilant pronunciation of some of Winston's words is difficult to catch. Sometimes he would be in a patient mood and would give a repetition of the words his secretary missed. At other times a desperate guess was a far safer gambit than the risk of an interruption.

In full flow he would become irritable at any holdup and could hardly wait for the changing of the paper and the carbons at the end of each page. He would snap "Come on, come on, what are you waiting for?" And if the flimsies crackled as they were put into the machine he would grumble: "Don't fidget with that paper."

Tears for the Stenographer

When Mr. Churchill was dictating one of his famous speeches the room was tense with drama. He not only composed but he acted every line of them. Sometimes he would start off with a good flow, pausing only at the end of the typed page to snap out: "How many?" That meant he wanted to know the number of words he had dictated and he expected his secretary to reply without hesitation.

The inspiration would dry up for a little while. Mr. Churchill would pace up and down, muttering words and phrases to himself. Sometimes he would appear to be dictating, but really he was rehearsing.

When the flow started again he would rap out the words loudly, sometimes emphasizing a climax with a violent gesture. Often as he reached a peroration his arms would be waving as if he were in the presence of a crowd. A sudden passage of pathos or a mention of disaster while dictating a speech would bring the tears to his eyes; sometimes he would be almost sobbing, with tears running down his cheeks at the end of an affecting period. But the production of an epigram or an amusing piece of invective would be accompanied by an expression of delight and followed with a satisfied chuckle.

When the whole speech had been dictated Mr. Churchill went carefully through the first draft, checking every word and phrase. This revision might go through three typings before the text finally satisfied him. Then it was typed again into what he calls speech form. Paragraphs, sentences and even phrases were broken up into the exact periods in which they were to be delivered when the speech was made. The result looked rather like blank verse and once the speech was in this form Mr. Churchill rarely deviated from the text either in substance or in the stage directions for delivery.

Whether he was directly occupied with the job or merely thinking about the job, I suppose there were few waking moments during the war years when the Old Man wasn't working. He did, however, force himself to steal relaxation occasionally and during the country week ends at Chequers I am sure he found much to refresh him in body and in spirit.

The arrival of the Prime Minister's party at Chequers on a Friday evening was like a miniature invasion. There would be several carloads of distinguished guests, for the Old Man might have decided to hold a week-end Cabinet or chiefs-of-staff meeting. Most of the visitors were, of course, connected with the war effort. On rare occasions, though, other guests were asked, including the famous pianist Moiseiwitsch and Sir Alexander Korda, the film producer.

Invariably Mr. Churchill's personal party included Commander C. R.

Thompson, his personal assistant, three secretaries, the valet, myself and another detective, two film operators, one electrical engineer, three chauffeurs and a posse of London police for outside protection.

Sometimes when the Prime Minister arrived he was asleep in his car with his black satin bandage over his eyes. We did not rouse him, but within a few minutes of the car coming to a stop he would awaken.

After a bath Mr. Churchill would change into his siren suit. This was made to his own design by a famous London firm. He always called the suit "my rompers." The first one he had was of a heavy woolen material in air force blue. Later he had lightweight rompers made for visits to tropical climates.

After dinner Mr. Churchill would put on a gorgeous dressing gown and with his guests might see a film show. That was the only break in the long night's work. One film which he never tired of seeing, or of showing to the guests and household staff that made up the audience in the Great Parlor, was *Lady Hamilton*, produced in 1941 with Vivien Leigh in the name part and Sir Laurence Olivier as Nelson.

But sometimes the inspiration of the Nelson touch was lacking in the shows. One evening, at the time the Japanese were sweeping through Burma and had captured Mandalay, Mr. Churchill came into the Great Parlor for a film as the loud-speaker blared out the tune *On the Road to Mandalay*. "It's a little late for that," said the Premier grimly.

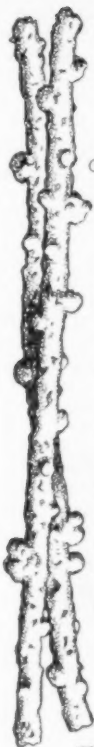
Music was Mr. Churchill's other relaxation at Chequers. Mostly his tastes were simple. He would put military band records or popular songs on the radiogram and march up and down the Great Hall to the rhythm. His favorite songs in the early days of the war included: *Keep Right on to the End of the Road*—Sir Harry Lauder's classic. It was, I think, perhaps an inspiration to him. Others were *Run, Rabbit, Run*, *Poor Old Joe*; and *Home, Sweet Home*. Some of these solo sessions to the radiogram certainly helped him to make plans or solve problems. I have entered the Great Hall to find him absolutely absorbed.

Bagatelle in the Great Hall

He would be dressed in his blue siren suit or a vivid dressing gown—looking rather like a Teddy bear—his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his head bent forward. He hummed the tune as he marked time, marched across the hall, did a smart about turn, marked time again and then repeated the manoeuvre. As the radiogram had an automatic record changer this march would often last a considerable time. I would watch the serious look on Mr. Churchill's face while he did his parade. Suddenly he would become aware of my presence, look up and smile one of those charming boyish smiles so familiar to those who knew him well.

He had another trick of seeming to relax when there was a problem on his mind. I have seen him come down to the Great Hall after a film show, apparently deep in thought. Oblivious of guests and staff he would go to a small table and play bagatelle. He played as if the game was of the utmost importance and made careful note of every score on a piece of paper which was always kept by the board. Suddenly he would stop playing, ignore the board and begin an animated conference with some of his guests.

The power to extract odd little moments of rest and pleasure from his hours of ordeal seldom deserted him.



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If you meet a lobster wearing an aluminum tag, don't waste sympathy. It wasn't hauled up for parking opposite a hydrant. The tag was put there by the National Fisheries Board which is sleuthing out marine life stories. A salmon, so decorated, was re-caught after four years and a lobster after ten. The tags were still in excellent condition.

Aluminum's ability to withstand the elements is one of the advantages which make it increasingly popular for walls, roofs and architectural embellishments. An aluminum cornice in Montreal was taken down recently — undamaged after being exposed to the weather since 1895. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

His best-known hobby, of course, is painting, and during the war his painting box and a canvas or two accompanied us on many of our journeys — although the only occasion on which I can recall his being able to give much time to them was while he was recuperating from an illness at Marrakesh, in North Africa.

By No Means Reckless

He had one relaxation which I must confess gave me little satisfaction. He loves trees. He seems to find inspiration from just looking at them. It was with very real regret that he decided it was necessary to clear some trees at his private country place, Chartwell. But once he had decided they must go he took his part in the removal. One morning he called on me to assist him to saw down a very large tree. He took one end of a two-handed saw and I took the other. He set to work with a will, maintaining for a time a terrific pace. Willy-nilly I had to proceed at the same pace. Winston tired after a while and called upon one of the gardeners to have a spell at his end. We began again but at a steadier and more rural rhythm. Mr. Churchill now superintended the operation. He did not seem to realize that I too was inclined to become tired and eventually, in desperation, I suggested to him that he might like to try a turn at my end. The gambit did not come off. He airily replied: "You are doing exceptionally well, Thompson. Carry on. You will soon have that tree down." We did eventually. Mr. Churchill remained the watcher and I the workman.

With Heart and Body

To return to the question, "How did he do it?" I believe a large part of the answer lies in the simple and still little-comprehended fact that Winston Churchill has been by no means careless in his personal habits, by no means reckless of his daily health. Another part of the answer lies in the joy, the zest that life holds for him. In contrast to so many people who find the slightest task a burden, the smallest duty an imposition, he revels in hard work and is really dissatisfied only when his mind is unoccupied.

And I believe there was another factor — some curious affinity between his heart and his body, a kind of unwritten contract that if the heart took on more than seemed sensible for a heart so old in years, the body would rise to the occasion and share the extra burden. I am not entirely theorizing here. In the first two months of the war, before he had become Prime Minister, he did manage to take an occasional week end at Chartwell for a relatively uninterrupted rest. But from 1940 to the end of the war he worked a regular hundred-and-twenty-hour week. (I know because I didn't go to bed until he did.) Yet here is a medical fact for which his own optician is authority: In the early war years his eyesight improved sharply to that of a man ten years younger.

In the final installment of his story in the next issue of Maclean's, ex-Detective-Inspector Thompson writes of his famous employer as a sometimes querulous but often kindly man who hated whistling but gave a cigar to a Cockney soldier who asked him for one. He gives an intimate personal picture of Churchill having the time of his life making history. ★

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* * *

HONEY PECAN BUNS
New Time-Saving Recipe
Makes 24 Buns

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald

1/2 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

1 egg, well beaten

1 cup once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in

2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic.

Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, grease 24 large muffin pans.

Combine

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly
pressed down)
2/3 cup liquid honey
3 tablespoons butter or
margarine, melted

Divide this mixture evenly into prepared muffin pans and drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 12 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Sprinkle with a mixture of

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly
pressed down)
1/3 cup chopped pecans

Beginning at a 12-inch edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.



Why Red Hill Did It

Continued from page 9

the rapids in 1945 to raise money for his father's memorial he collected exactly three hundred and one dollars and four cents. At that, he did better than his younger brother Major who battled the rapids in 1949. Major's gross receipts: two dollars and fifty cents. Police on both sides of the river chased away Hill friends who were taking up collections. The barrel Major used cost several hundred dollars.

Because of their devotion to the river the Hills were seldom ever able to give their undivided and sustained attention to the business of making a living. Red Sr. did many things—he operated a squad of sight-seeing cabs, sold wine and whisky in a shack erected on the ice bridge on No Man's Land, halfway between the Canadian and American shore lines. Sitting around, drinking beer in the Canadian Corps Association clubrooms on Victoria Street, he would dream up grandiose schemes for making money. One of his favorites involved a giant sweepstake in which a hundred

colored barrels would go racing over the falls. For a time he kept a souvenir store on Bridge Street. As a routine gag he would tell visitors, "I have taken four great risks in my life—three in a barrel on the rapids and one on the sea of matrimony."

Red Jr. stuck to no regular job either, and many respectable citizens of the area looked down on him because of it. He made no bones about his disinclination to work at anything steady. "I don't want to be tied down," he would say. "I want to be free to be near the river." The local

undertakers paid him twenty-five dollars for each body he recovered. At intervals he guided tourists, worked in an aircraft plant, kept a souvenir shop, did odd jobs for the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission. He was a poor businessman and had no head for figures. When he was unable to pay back to the government money he had collected for hunting and fishing licenses, Judge H. E. Fuller, who heard his case, said: "Bad bookkeeping and carelessness are to some extent responsible for the fix you're in." Judge Fuller sentenced him to sixty days.

There's little doubt that the Hill name has become legendary. The Niagara Parks Commission, opposed to stunting of all kinds, readily admits the Hill family has been responsible for a surprisingly high proportion of the press notices that have appeared throughout the world about Niagara Falls. Servicemen from Niagara Falls who came in contact with troops from many countries while overseas were surprised by the number of times they were asked about the Hills. They have added color and lore to the falls; they have welded a bond between the cold cruel waters of the Niagara and man.

Old Layfield Hill, who sometimes worked in the park along the waterfront, was fond of the river but he didn't wear his love on his sleeve. He quietly went about teaching his children about the strengths and weaknesses of Niagara. He was impatient with anyone who feared the river, hence the drastic drenching he gave to his eldest son who was later to become his best pupil. Red Sr. learned his lesson so well that, soon before his death, he told a friend, "I never wanted to live anywhere else; I didn't even want to travel. The only time I left the falls was to serve in the army." Even during this absence the river filled his thoughts. Ed Sloggett, a fellow townsman who served with Red Sr. overseas, recalls that no matter how heavy the going Red Sr. was never too distracted to talk about the river.

A Body in the Morning

Red Sr. was born with "a veil" over his face; doctors refer to this rarity as a caul—a membrane enveloping the fetus, which sometimes covers the child's head at birth. It can easily be removed by surgery. The more romantic people of the last century believed that the person born with a veil was blessed with second sight and a charmed life. Indeed, sea captains were eager purchasers of veils. They would keep them in small oak boxes and never set out on a voyage without them. In the years to come even the sceptical were inclined to believe that Red Sr. was endowed with special gifts.

When he was seven he awoke his parents at three one morning to tell them of a dream he'd just had: a vacant family property in Chippawa, four miles away, was burning down. They pacified him, tucked him back into bed. Next morning they were amazed to learn that their Chippawa house had burned to the ground just before dawn. When he was nine the Hill home at Niagara caught fire, trapping two-year-old Cora, the baby of the family. The house was a mass of flames and firemen ruled out the possibility of rescue. Red Sr. rushed into the house, barefooted, and emerged with the child. Neither of them was harmed. For this feat he earned the first of the four lifesaving medals he was to win during his lifetime.

Beatrice Hill told me that her husband would often wake up at night with a start and tell her that he was going to find a body in the morning. He was nearly always right. Often he

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would sit on the porch of his home, intently listening to the roar of the falls, then predict the weather for the next two or three days. It is claimed that he had a higher batting average than the weatherman.

But Red Sr. didn't depend on clairvoyance for his knowledge of the river. One day the principal of the Buchanan Street School anxiously enquired of his parents why he hadn't been to school for the past two weeks. It was discovered that he had spent every day, from eight thirty in the morning till four in the afternoon, down at the river, throwing in bits of driftwood, then charting the course they took over the falls and through the rapids. It was a habit that was to stay with the Hill family for the next sixty years. They were forever throwing things in the river—logs, cans, old life belts—then studying their progress. They could generally guess the precise spot where a floating object would end its journey.

Beatrice Hill soon learned that the river was a formidable rival for her husband's affections. Up at daybreak, he would grab a cup of coffee, then be off to patrol the waterfront. In the early years of their marriage she used to keep his evening meal hot for him, but she soon gave that up. Red Sr. would sometimes be gone two or three days at a time, sleeping in The Cave. When she remonstrated with him he would reply, "There's nothing to worry about. The river can't do me any harm."

His reputation as the guardian of the river quickly grew. The Hill phone number, 717, became familiar to police, firemen, humane society officials, Maid of the Mist officers. Whenever there was a sticky job to be done Red Sr. was called. He was jealous of his reputation. Once he discovered that an old riverman named Johnny was coming down to the water in the darkness each morning, fully an hour ahead of him. He acted promptly. After studying Johnny's customary route down the gorge, he rigged up a ghostly contraption out of a barrel and three white sheets and strung them on a wire across the pathway. Johnny caught sight of this weird apparition swaying in the wind in the semidarkness the following morning. He shrieked, turned tail and ran. Never again did he venture to the river before broad daylight.

When United States government engineers came from Washington to chart the treacherous Niagara it was Red Sr. they hired as their guide. He was given various titles such as the Wizard of the River and the Master Hero of Niagara Falls. The latter title he richly deserved, for all of Hill's life rescues were spectacular ones.

At 11.20 one sub-zero Sunday morning in Feb. 1912, Red Sr. was sitting in his shack on the ice bridge that had formed below the falls. Suddenly he heard a deep rumbling, the meaning of which was unmistakable: the ice bridge was breaking up. He rushed out and chased about thirty sight-seers out on the ice bridge to safety ashore. There were four people, however, who were not as fortunate—Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, a honeymoon couple from Toronto, and two young men from Cleveland, Ohio, Burrell Heacock and Ignatius Roth. The Stantons and Heacock disregarded Hill's advice to make for the nearest shore as quickly as possible, which happened to be the Canadian shore. After wasting several precious minutes pleading with them Hill and the seventeen-year-old Roth left for the Canadian shore, the other three for the American. By now the giant ice bridge was breaking up into ever smaller pieces which were moving

to the Lower Rapids two miles away. Hill leaped across six-foot crevices, waded in freezing slush up to his chest. He constantly encouraged Roth, helping him with a rope, finally carrying him ashore. "I came closer to death that day than in all my days on the river," Hill said later.

Once ashore he concerned himself with the safety of the Stantons and Heacock. As he had foreseen, the three of them were isolated on a chunk of ice and were drifting toward the rapids. He rushed to the hundred-and-fifty-foot-high Whirlpool Rapids Bridge

and threw ropes down to the water as their ice floe approached. Heacock seized one of them and was pulled fifty feet. But his hands were numb and his body was exhausted. He let go and went crashing into the water between two ice floes. Stanton, clinging tightly to his wife, grabbed another line, and gave the signal to pull. But he too was unable to hang on. When last seen the Stantons were kneeling in prayer, swiftly moving to their doom on a small ice floe.

Hill had been back home in Niagara Falls in August 1918 for only three

days, after serving four years with the army overseas, when he won another lifesaving medal. He had been wounded and gassed and a long stay in hospital had left him weak and underweight. But the news that two lives were in peril sent him hurrying to the river. A half mile above the brink of the falls a scow had broken its tow line. There were two workmen aboard—Jim Harris and Gus Lefberg. The scow temporarily settled on some rocks in the rapids, thus giving them a reprieve from death. But how long before it would once again respond to the relent-

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less current and pull them to the precipice? The U. S. Coast Guard shot a line to them which the men eagerly fastened. But the breeches buoy which followed a few minutes later became fouled up and it never reached them. It was at this moment of despair that Red Sr. appeared on the scene. He sized up the situation for a few minutes, plunged into the water and, using the line as a support, worked for hours, patiently untangling the pulleys and ropes of the breeches buoy. The rescue took twenty-four hours. Legend has it that at the end of the ordeal Leffberg's black hair had turned completely white.

Red Hill Sr. showed equal zeal and courage in rescuing animals. Each spring large numbers of swans, migrating southwards, would land on the deceptively calm water of the Niagara just above the falls. Suddenly they would be swept over the cataract. Some were killed; the confused survivors would struggle amid the ice and slush. Women watching them from the bridge above would often break into tears. Since the authorities declared the ice bridge out of bounds after the triple tragedy of 1912, Hill would regularly go to the help of the swans in defiance of the law. At night, camouflaged in a white flannelette nightgown—a gift from his wife which he spurned as bed wear—he would leap from ice floe to ice floe, gathering in swans.

"One night he rescued six swans and three geese," says Mrs. Hill. "We were always living with swan, geese and duck." The live animals would be released in a safe spot; the dead ones were given to needy families as food.

Red Sr. became expert in recovering the bodies of drowning and suicide victims. By considering the season, the temperature of the water, the prevailing currents and winds, he could often foretell where and when the body of a suicide would appear. Many, many times he saw how cruelly the Niagara treated her victims. The sharp rocks would batter their bodies, strip them of their clothing. Once he swam out and dragged back a body by a necktie—the only article of clothing that remained. Most of the bodies had to be retrieved from inaccessible places, like the bottom of the gorge at the Whirlpool Rapids. Swimming out into the water, or using a boat, Red Sr. would bring the body back to shore and lash it to Dead Man's Tree—a huge fallen tree lying half in the water. (This tree was later to be used by his sons for the same purpose.) Then, transferring the body to a burlap wrapping, he would secure it to a pole, and with the help of another man, laboriously haul it four hundred feet up the sheer side of the gorge. Sometimes the trip up took four hours.

Dentures Stayed at Home

To recover submerged bodies Red Sr. invented an ingenious grappling device which wouldn't get stuck on rocks and debris on the river's bottom. When local authorities throughout the Niagara Peninsula failed to recover a body they would call in Hill and his special equipment. It was so effective that enquiries were received about it from places as far away as Kansas. Manufacturing this invention in quantity might have been a profitable venture but Red Sr. and his sons didn't do anything about it. They weren't businessmen—they were rivermen. Their talents and energies were reserved for the river.

In the world outside Niagara Falls, Red Sr. was principally known for his river stunts. When he swam the river on Sept. 7, 1925, finishing up as fresh

as he went in, the multitudes who watched him that day didn't know that he had swum the same course secretly the night before "just to get the feel of it." Before the swim Red Sr. had taken the precaution of leaving his false teeth at home. He remembered that one of his friends, Bobby Leach, while engaged in a similar venture, almost choked to death when a strong wave shoved his dentures down his throat.

Of the three barrel trips that Red Sr. made through the rapids the last one in 1931 was the most eventful. He defiantly used a barrel in which a man had suffocated to death a year earlier while attempting to go over the falls. On the morning of the attempt Mrs. Hill noticed that seventeen-year-old Red Jr. had his bathing suit on under his shirt. When asked why, he explained, "That barrel is jinxed. I'm not just going to hang around and watch Dad die."

With a Rope in His Teeth

His premonition came true. Within sight of one hundred thousand spectators the barrel was captured by a whirlpool and tossed wildly around in a circle for five hours. A further pounding might mean death for the occupant. Red Jr. stripped, plunged into the water with one rope attached to his waist and another in his mouth, and set out for the barrel. For twenty minutes he fought the jagged waves and surging currents. Finally a giant wave lunged him against the barrel where he could hear his father cry, "For God's sake, get me out of here." He tied the line to the barrel and signaled the shore to heave. It took twelve strong men to pull the barrel and the two Hills to safety. Red Jr. always cherished the few words spoken by his father after his heroic gesture: "Son, you've got more pluck than I have." Red Sr. nonchalantly returned to his barrel the next day and completed his journey to Queenston.

There were five attempts to go over the falls in a barrel during Red Sr.'s lifetime. Because of his knowledge of the river his advice was generally sought. The first attempt was made on Oct. 24, 1901, by Anna Edson Taylor, a buxom widow of forty-three. She was a neurotic woman and took the gamble because she urgently needed money. Life had been unkind to her. She was twenty when her husband, a New York physician, died, leaving her penniless with an infant. She started a dancing- and -music school but it burned down. She salvaged seventeen hundred dollars which she entrusted to a clergyman for investment but he lost every penny of it in a real estate bubble in Chattanooga. At forty-three she was threatened with the loss of her last remaining property—a small house in Texas. So in a desperate gamble to raise funds she sold her furniture and had a barrel built. She survived the trip over the falls, which took an hour and fifteen minutes. When Red Sr. helped her out of the barrel she was raving; blood flowed from a three inch gash behind her right ear. When sufficiently recovered she went on a lecture tour which was not particularly successful. Ironically, the trip over the falls failed to give her what she wanted. She died friendless and penniless in the poorhouse in Lockport, N.Y., at sixty-three. Shortly before her death she confessed, "For years I dreamed of the horror of that trip. I wouldn't do it again for a million dollars. I was scared for life by the experience."

Bobby Leach, on July 25, 1911, became the second person to successfully defy the falls. Hill helped carry the injured Leach from the barrel after the trip and gave him a few heavy

Continued on page 42

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Continued from page 40

slugs of whisky, after taking him to a nearby building and tucking him under a blanket. "When I came here fourteen years ago," he told Hill, "my ambition was to go over the falls. I've done it. Now I'm through taking chances with my life." But it was only idle talk. After twenty-three weeks in hospital Leach was stunting again. He shot the rapids, he took parachute jumps. Fate treated this plucky little Englishman in a capricious manner. He died in Christchurch, New Zealand, after slipping on an orange peel.

In 1920, Charles G. Stephens, a fifty-eight-year-old barber from Bristol, Eng., came to Niagara Falls with an oak barrel to conquer the falls. A warm friendship grew up between Hill and Stephens. The Englishman, the father of nine children, told Hill that he found barbering dull and that he would like to make a living by appearing in music halls. Going over the falls was the quickest way to achieve that ambition. Stephens wore several rows of medals on his red velvet vest. One was for jumping off the Firth of Forth Bridge, another for allowing a sword thrower to split an apple that had been tied to his neck, and still another for shaving in a den full of lions.

Stephens spent July tenth with the Hills. Red Sr. warned him that his barrel was a crude affair, improperly ballasted, and begged him to postpone his trip and have it rebuilt. When Stephens refused, Hill did all he could to help him. He loaned him eight dollars to pay express charges on the barrel, since Stephens only had English money with him. He padded the inside of it with four of Mrs. Hill's finest wild duck-feather cushions; the outside he painted bright colors so it could be easily identified for rescue purposes.

"Forget Me Not, Anne"

Stephens climbed into his barrel at 8.30 the next morning after handing Hill the English equivalent of twenty one hundred dollars for safe keeping. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll be back to get it in a short time." "Good luck, Charlie," replied Hill jokingly. "I'll be waiting down below for you with a doctor and an undertaker."

Previously, Stephens had arranged with the local telegraph office to cable his wife in Bristol, FEAT ACCOMPLISHED; TELL DAN (his manager). The telegrapher had to revise the message to PROFESSOR STEPHENS LOST IN THE ATTEMPT. The barrel hit the rocks below the falls and remained there. Red Sr. made several perilous trips to the foot of the cataract in the hope of helping his friend but gave up at noon when a few staves from the barrel were washed ashore at the Maid of the Mist dock. At dawn the next day he recovered all that remained of the Bristol barber: a right arm tattooed: Forget me not, Anne.

After Stephens' death Hill returned the twenty one hundred dollars to his widow along with a small list of expenditures he had made: eight dollars for express charges, six dollars for painting the barrel, eight dollars for trucking, eight dollars for Mrs. Hill's duck-feather pillows. The widow replied with only a thank-you note. "You can grow broke living by the river," commented Hill.

The next attempt, made on July 4, 1928, by Joseph-Albert (Jean) Lussier, was more successful. Lussier's craft was a large cleverly constructed rubber ball lined with rubber tubes filled with oxygen under thirty-five pounds of pressure. Less than an hour after Lussier started the trip he was sighted below the falls moving down river. When it was feared that he might be



carried through the Whirlpool Rapids, Red Sr. jumped into a small rowboat, battled his way to the ball, slipped a rope through its iron ring, then banged on it to let Lussier know that he was in tow. Thousands of spectators watched Hill, bending and swaying working the boat back to the Maid of the Mist dock with his ungainly load in tow. Lussier was rescued not a minute too soon. The ball had been gashed by the rocks below the falls and water was trickling through. If the rescue had been delayed the ball might have sunk. In gratitude, Lussier, who is now working as a machine operator in Niagara Falls, N.Y., visits Red Hill's grave every July 4—the anniversary of his rescue.

The last stunter Hill befriended was a bizarre character, forty-six-year-old George Stathakis, who referred to himself as "an author, philosopher, poet and chef." After working in the kitchens of Buffalo restaurants for twenty-one years Stathakis believed he had unraveled the mysteries of life and wanted to share his discoveries with all mankind by publishing a book to be called *The Secrets of Life*. What easier way was there of raising the necessary five thousand dollars than by going over Niagara Falls?

Red Sr. shuddered when he saw Stathakis' cumbersome barrel. The Greek chef was unconcerned. He told Hill that he would be accompanied by Sonny Boy, a sacred green turtle a hundred and five years old. "If I perish," he said, "the turtle will tell you what happened in the barrel during the last minutes of my life."

Stathakis plunged over the falls early in the afternoon of July 4, 1930, and disappeared from sight. After keeping vigil on the river till five the next morning, Hill went home for some sleep. No sooner had he crawled into bed than his phone rang telling him that the barrel had been thrown out from below the falls. He rushed back to the waterfront, launched a boat and spent the next five hours towing it to the foot of the Falls View Bridge. Inside, Stathakis lay dead of suffocation but Sonny Boy was very much alive. Hill adopted the turtle as a pet, and later used to say, "That turtle wasn't as sacred as Stathakis thought. I had him for a year and a half, and he never said a damned word."

Because his body was weakened by war injuries Red Sr. had to take to his bed frequently after he reached his fifties. Looking up from his pillows he wistfully told his sons, "I guess I'm all washed up as far as fighting the river is concerned, but I still feel the same about it." He died on May 14, 1942, in his fifty-sixth year, with his boots off.

For a time Mrs. Hill, who had come to the falls from her native St. Catha-

rines when only six years old, hoped that her sons would settle down to steady jobs. ("I hate the river," she told me. "I'm afraid of it. I begged my children to stay away from it.") But her hopes were soon shattered. Red Jr.'s pattern of life soon became identical with that of his father. Accompanied by his black spaniel, Pal, he was down at the river every morning at dawn. Like his father he was forever throwing things into the water, studying the currents. Whenever a chunk of rock crashed off the ledge into Niagara, or when there was a new piece of hydro-electric construction, he tried to discover how the water's course was affected.

Like his father he began to build a reputation as a lifesaver. At seventeen he saved his father's life in the Whirlpool Rapids. At eighteen, while vacationing in Muskoka, he rescued a woman from drowning. A few years later he dragged ashore an eight-year-old boy who had fallen into the river near the Maid of the Mist dock.

They say he was on speaking terms with every fish in the river and every animal on its banks. When his cronies refused to believe that bass could come over the falls and survive, he caught large numbers of them at the very foot of the cataract, using soft-shelled crabs as bait. They could not have come upstream because of the turbulent rapids. Once he spent every evening for a week watching an eel return to the same spot to feed on sand flies while standing on its end. Shortly before his fatal plunge he told a bartender friend, Danny White, where and how he could catch it. "I remembered about it the day after Red's death," says Danny. "I followed his directions and caught it."

He found an effective way of catching turtles. He would search out a stagnant

creek, rig a line across it between two trees, extend from it a series of hooks containing fragrant rotting meat just two inches above the water. Red Jr. enjoyed nothing more than eating freshly caught fish and wild game. He could readily recognize the part of a turtle he was eating: the front shoulders were pink like veal, the rear quarters rich and red like beef, the neck meat tender as chicken. He would sometimes make a hot boiled stew out of squirrel and woodcock, adding bay leaf and wine. Friends sometimes found him crouched in front of an open fire, roasting a wild duck liver on the end of a stick. He always knew where to find rabbits, pheasant, woodcock, duck and deer. In spite of the fact that he used an old Winchester 12-gauge pump gun, whose stock was kept together with black electrician's tape, he could down a bird at eighty yards.

He loved animals. "He was a beautiful lad," says Arthur McMillan, inspector of the Niagara Frontier Humane Society. "Night or day Red was willing to risk his life for an animal." Once, at 6 a.m., a police dog was trapped on a ledge in the gorge opposite Dorchester Street. Red wouldn't let McMillan make the rescue because the ledge was crumbly and dangerous. Instead, he borrowed three hundred feet of rope from the fire station on Main Street, donned a steel helmet, and went down himself. Another day he almost lost his life retrieving a frightened two-hundred-pound eight-point deer. After two hours of struggling with the animal on the sheer side of the cliff he was able to tie it up and have it pulled up by a bucket and crane. Later the same day he climbed down forty feet of ledge to retrieve a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound deer that had been chased there by a dog. Stray dogs instinctively



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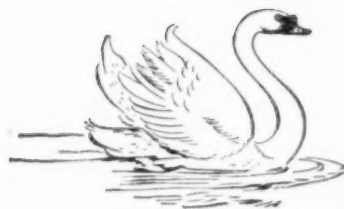
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found their way to him; he turned them over to the humane society.

For his rescue work with animals Red Jr. refused to take a cent. "Just buy me a beer sometime," he would say to Art McMillan. Clad in white sheets, Red Jr. and his brother Corky would spend many hours each spring on the ice bridge rescuing a variety of birds—herring gulls, swans, horned grebes, American mergansers, golden-eye ducks, double-crested cormorants, baldpates and canvasbacks. One of Red's fondest ambitions was to have a zoo in Niagara Falls. "We get millions of visitors," he said, "we should show them the wonderful wild life we have in this country."

He was adored by the people who knew him well. He spoke softly, never swore, smoked or got drunk. Honey-moon couples he guided around were so attracted to him that they generally ended up by drinking beer with him at the Fox Head Hotel. He was always doing favors for people. He suggested to a friend, Bob Orr, a young chiropractor just starting up in Niagara Falls, that he meet him on the Maid of the Mist landing after the barrel trip over the falls. "I'll pose with you for the photographers," he said. "It might help you get established here." He wanted Art McMillan to hold a tag day for the humane society on the day he took his fatal plunge, because there would be thousands of prospective tag purchasers on hand. Often he would build a fire near the Maid of the Mist landing, fry up a mess of fish and bring it to the boys who worked on the boats. He was usually carrying a gift for someone wrapped in newspaper or brown paper—a fish, a bird or a turtle. When out on a fishing or hunting trip Red told his friends where the game was to be found. Usually he would be content to clean the fish or dress the game.

Red Jr.'s thoughts were never far away from his father. During his first barrel trip through the rapids in 1945 the going became rough. A wave tossed his craft thirty feet in the air, dashed it on the rocks. The water started trickling in. "I was scared," said Red later. "Then somehow I felt that Dad had slipped in the barrel beside me and all fear left me." Both the barrel trips he took were motivated by a desire to raise a monument to his father.

Major Hill, Red's impulsive brother, shot the rapids in 1949, but failed to go over the falls in 1950. Intimate friends say this unsuccessful try influenced Red Jr. to take his fatal plunge on Aug. 5, 1951. He was jealous of the Hill reputation and didn't want it to be associated with failure. Openly he gave other reasons for making the trip. "I've been watching the falls for years and I know I can take care of them. There won't be any mistake."

The crazy flimsy craft in which he planned to risk his life was built for him by a tinsmith friend, Norman Candler. When he first saw it he seemed to be disappointed and said, "I thought it would be different." He consulted his father's old friend, Jean Lussier, who told him. "I wouldn't even go on the Chippawa Creek in a rig like that." Red Jr. shrugged his shoulders: "That's as far as my money would go."

During the last week of his life Red Jr. seemed to be exhilarated by the sense of risk. "It will ride high over the water," he said. "I'll get wet but nothing more will happen to me." A friend suggested that he could easily send his barrel over the falls empty, then climb into it unseen; thus he could still gain notoriety and make money by exhibiting the barrel and by

personal appearances on radio, stage and television. Red Jr. was outraged. "It's the falls I want to go over," he said. "I want that more than the fame and the money."

His mother went down on her knees and pleaded with him to wear a life-belt. He refused, saying, "That would take the kick out of the show."

Late that Sunday afternoon, as Red's body lay in the embrace of the fabled Maid of the Mist, his brothers and a group of cronies sat around a table glumly drinking beer. One said, "The sweetest guy that ever lived—why did it have to happen to him?" Another said, "He knew the water. He came over in the exact spot he said he'd come over." A third added, "It wasn't his fault. It was that lousy barrel." The men rose and went outside to look at the tangled wreckage of the rubber barrel. In a fit of blind rage Major Hill whipped out his knife and slashed some of the rubber tubes.

I found the same bitterness when I visited Mrs. Beatrice Hill and her family a few days after her son's funeral. She now lives in a modest frame house on Peer Street, for the river has been stingy with the Hills.

"We Won't Give Up!"

"It's a lot of foolishness risking your life for somebody else's pleasure," said Mrs. Hill. "They don't care what happens to you." She was thinking of the people who lined the gorge to watch her son Red. They were a festive, gay crowd. The news that Red had perished had no visible effect on them. They gaily returned to their picnicking and sight-seeing, leaving the Hills alone with their burning heartache. Corky Hill said, bitterly, "They didn't come to see Red live; they came to see him die."

The Hills are bitter because others—through no fault of their own—have made a handsome profit from Red's blood sacrifice. There is some truth in this. An official of the Niagara Parks Commission estimated that there were two hundred thousand visitors in town on August 5—twice the normal traffic on a summer Sunday. Souvenir dealers, refreshment stands, restaurants, hotels and cabins did a land-office business. A clerk at Henri's souvenir store told me that they did twice the normal turnover that day. They cleared out a slow-moving line of cups and saucers that they had expected to be stuck with at the end of the season. Instead of the usual closing time of 11 p.m. they stayed open till 1 a.m. but, even so, they had to literally force dozens of eager customers out of the door to lock up. Four hundred extra cases of one brand of soft drinks alone were sold along the waterfront, according to the estimate of a deliveryman. A baker increased his sale of apple, raisin and cherry pies by fifty percent.

I asked the Hill boys if they were through with the river. It was Major who replied, after a short pause. "As far as giving up the river, none of us ever will. No matter where you go, what you think, what you want to do, you always come back to it. It's the heart that decides, not the mind."

There's another William Red Hill alive today—the four-year-old son of Corky. Like the two men whose name he bears he's sandy haired, energetic and fearless. Last May 14 he suddenly disappeared. After a frantic two-hour-long search he was found at the Fair View cemetery, four miles away. It was the ninth anniversary of the death of William Red Hill Sr., and the boy was laying a bunch of wild flowers on his grave. Ever since he has been able to walk, little Red has idolized his famous grandfather. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

have to take a firm grip of this soft core and squeeze the water out of it. The committee will be made up of one minister from each government and most of them will be ministers of finance. They will have to face each other, for the first time since NATO was created, with the blunt home truths that any of them will cheerfully hand out to a friendly reporter (provided, of course, he isn't quoted).

Let's take Canada as one case in point. Canadian delegates to NATO will tell you, with complete sincerity, that Canada's role and contribution are never questioned, never criticized. Everybody, they vow, is happy about the way Canada is pulling her weight. There is not the slightest reason to doubt those statements. It's most unlikely, in view of what other delegates are not told, that Canadian delegates are told anything unpleasant either.

But American officials give American reporters (or even Canadian reporters whom they know well) a somewhat different view of Canada's effort. They say "We've got ten times as many people as Canada and fifteen times as much income. How come we've got thirty-seven times as many soldiers?"

Canada has answers to this criticism. Without conscription it would be impossible to raise an army proportionate to that of the U. S., and there is a strong case against peacetime conscription in Canada. The Government is sure it would weaken, not strengthen, Canada's war potential.

Canada has counterarguments, too. Canadian officials ask, "Why are we expected to carry the same load as Americans when they make the major decisions? They call the tune and they should pay the piper." Canadians also point out that U. S. forces are lavish in using manpower, that Canadian services get more work done per man-day.

As for the economic burdens of defense, Canadians admit the American taxpayer is contributing a bigger slice of his total income. U. S. defense spending is 18.7 % of the net national income, Canadian only 9.9%. But the American's take-home pay is still much higher than the Canadian's, after paying the defense bill, and Canada thinks that's a relevant point.

NATO meetings hear none of these answers, because the criticisms aren't made in the first place.

In the case of Canada this doesn't matter much. Canada is not seeking American help. All the other countries in the North Atlantic community do need help, both economic and military. Unspoken criticisms are a fuzzy but formidable obstacle to the kind of wholehearted co-operation that the job requires.

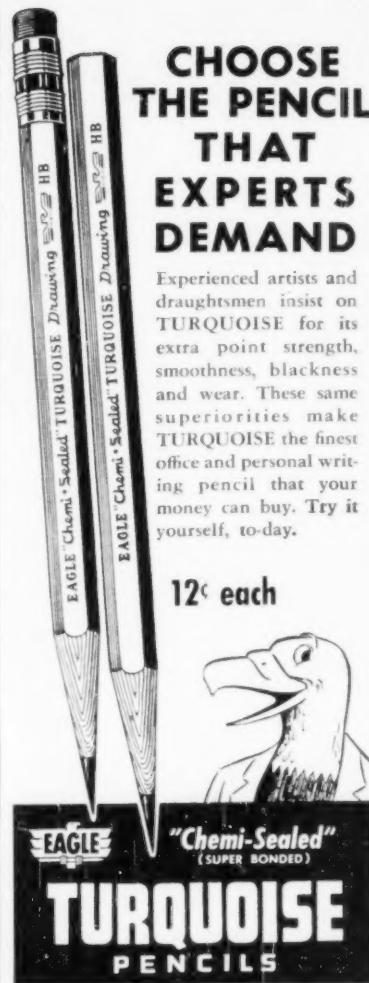
At Brussels last year each country undertook to build up its armed strength to a certain point by a certain time. The United States is delivering her commitment in full. So is Canada. Britain is delivering the full amount of her undertaking in pounds sterling, though there is some doubt whether her 4.7 billions will buy as many guns, tanks and divisions as originally planned.

Other nations (in Washington's opinion, anyway) are not delivering. The figures on paper are still the same, and they are politely accepted in the conference room, but they are not believed. Americans do not think the French, the Dutch, the Belgians are doing as much as they said they would

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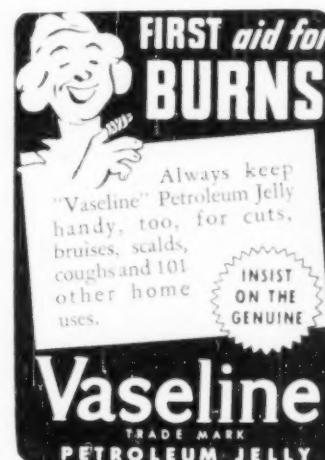
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do, or as much as they could and should be doing.

This gap between promise and performance would be bad enough, but now there's another even wider gap. The new one is between the promises of last December and the requirements of today. Even if each nation does everything it has yet undertaken to do, General Eisenhower thinks it won't be nearly enough.

Obviously that sharpens the argument about "burden-sharing." If more must be done, who's to do it? Who's doing least now?

There's no way of settling this dispute. Which counts for more — a French infantry division getting two francs per man per day, or an American squadron of heavy bombers which cost vastly more but take fewer men away from home? It costs fifteen times as much to maintain a Canadian division in Europe as it does to keep a European division; should Canada get credit for fifteen brigades instead of one?

On the other hand, costs themselves are misleading. A Dutch colonel gets about the same pay, at current rates of exchange, as a Canadian sergeant. But in the Netherlands the colonel lives at least as well as a Canadian major does in Canada.

These points at least can be spoken out loud in international company. There are others which cannot be spoken. The Americans, the Canadians, the British and the French are each convinced that one of their own divisions is worth at least five Italian and ten Portuguese. Americans are resentful of having to carry the heaviest load in Korea, while the French point out that their casualties in Indo-China have been just as great as the American casualties in Korea.

There are other "unspeakable" arguments in the production field. Europeans in general, but the French in particular, are bitterly resentful of American secrecy about new weapons. They are being urged to produce more arms, but they don't want to waste their precious factories on World War II models which are already obsolete.

Americans, on their side, don't trust anybody's security methods except their own, and they are particularly wary of the French. They never forget that according to the election figures, France is twenty-four percent Communist, and that the French Army is supposed to be a cross section of the nation. Alliance or no alliance, they're handing no military secrets to anything that is, or even might be, twenty-four percent Communist.

More important, perhaps, than these specific differences is a broader division of opinion about the probable immi-

nence of war, and therefore about the relative importance of military and economic strength. Americans are proceeding on the assumption that World War III is just around the corner. Philip Jessup, U. S. ambassador-at-large, told a press conference in Ottawa that the present level of defense effort is simply not enough.

"We've organized a fire department and appointed a fire chief," he said, "but that's not much use unless we fill out the ranks of firemen. There is a present danger of fire which will not be put out by plans for a bigger fire department later on."

The British don't accept this view. Nobody, of course, is rash enough to say that war may not break out within the coming year; everybody knows that it may come, and that the initiative lies with the Kremlin. But the British (and most of the other allies including Canada) feel that the highest degree of over-all safety will be secured by a slower rearmament program than the United States would like. They remember, and they think the Americans tend to forget, that Communism must be met on two fronts, the political as well as the military. They know there is a point beyond which it's unwise to go on reducing the standard of living.

Britons see a real possibility that the Kremlin may have switched emphasis from the military to the political front for the time being. Stalin has already missed the moment of widest disparity between Western and Soviet strength; never again, in all probability, will the free nations be as heavily outnumbered as they were in the summer of 1951. But, if the inflation balloon really goes up in the months to come, Stalin's big chance for political victory is still ahead. If this analysis is correct, moreover, an overambitious rearmament program would play right into the Kremlin's hands.

Needless to say, both parties to this argument can see the other side. Each knows that the course he prefers is a risky one—but there is no course left which is not risky.

These are the problems, or a few of them, which the Committee of Wise Men must resolve by the time the council meets. They won't succeed fully, of course—total agreement in matters of this kind is impossible in a free society. But they will have to make the necessary compromises and get a plan launched at some agreed level. It won't perhaps be as high as the generals might prefer, but it will be the highest that a group of elected governments believe they can coax out of their respective peoples. And that, while peace and democracy survive, is the most we can do. ★

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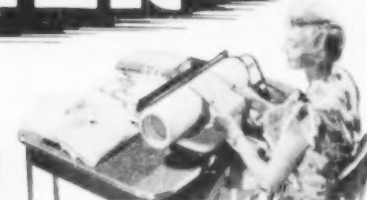
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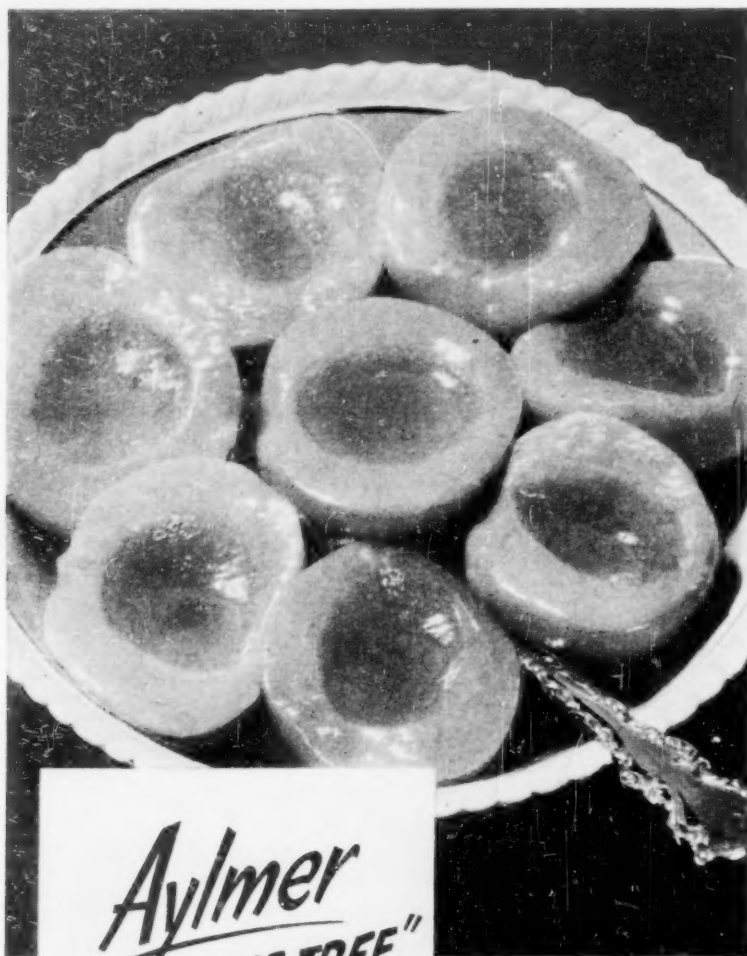
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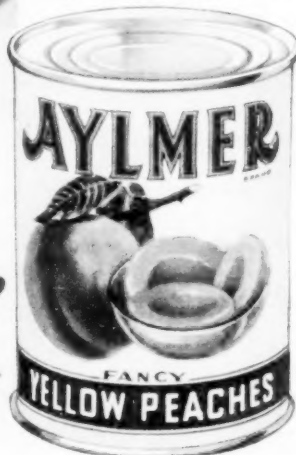
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What It's Like To Be a Movie Star

Continued from page 11

scrap of paper or an old envelope that I'm asked to sign.

It's possible, I suppose, to develop a resigned and good-humored philosophy about the goldfish-bowl phases of a movie star's life, but it isn't easy. For instance not a week goes by but somebody from the Press blandly asks me if my marriage is a success, and why. If an average husband, because of personal or business reasons, decided to stay in a hotel downtown overnight instead of going home nobody would get very excited about it. Let it happen to a well-known screen actor and a few hours later someone publishes a rumor that his marriage is breaking up.

The expression "fan mail" sometimes makes me squirm a little, because it sounds faintly patronizing, as if I thought of all those people as a mass of semimorons. Mind you, I'm not trying to convey an impression that most of my mail comes from university professors. The truth is that any morning's delivery is likely to bring me thoughtful and stimulating letters from complete strangers, along with a swarm of gratifying but routine requests from people who merely want my autograph or a photo. Women write a lot oftener than men, although I've never been the matinee-idol type of actor. About seventy percent of my mail is from people between the ages of twelve and thirty.

I employ a personal secretary, who deals with most of this mail. But I read all letters myself except the ones which only ask for my photo. And I personally dictate replies to any which ask specific questions. Not every letter is a heartwarmer. I get about ten a month which are obscene, or vindictive, or obviously crackpot in tone. Some of these couldn't even be quoted in whispers in a men's locker room.

So-called fan letters which start off by flattering me, and then tell sob stories and beg for money, are all turned over to my business manager. No doubt some of these are legitimate and deserving, but most of them are transparently phony. One fellow wrote to me solemnly threatening to kill himself if I didn't engage him as a valet. There was also a worn-out prizefighter who offered to kill me unless I financed his business career. I disregarded both, with no ill effects to anybody that I'm aware of.

One thing I never expected when I first tackled Hollywood was that I'd eventually become in demand as a public speaker. I now make at least a hundred appearances a year before various organizations. Most of these speeches, I'm happy to say, are quite short. And I don't mind admitting that some of them are "canned"—that is, prepared in advance—and vague enough to cover almost any occasion. Requests for me to speak at banquets, meetings and other functions gained impetus after Crossfire. Even though I'd been the villain in the story, and a hateful one indeed, people suddenly became interested in my private views on tolerance and kindred matters. Today, I accept most invitations to speak before accredited groups, but I say "No" in a hurry whenever political controversy or a fund-raising gimmick is involved.

On the screen I often appear as a man who is very handy with his fists. I come naturally by this, because I'm pretty big and I keep myself in good condition. The producers have always known that I was lucky enough never

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to be defeated in four years of amateur boxing as a college heavyweight. Yet outside the studio I have never been in a fist fight in my life. I've never either thrown or received a punch in anger, even though the public seems convinced screen tough guys are forever socking somebody or getting socked in bars and night clubs.

My parents held rather conflicting views about my upbringing. When I was eight and growing up in Chicago Mother got me started taking violin lessons. She yearned for me to express myself in music or the arts. Dan, an American-born Irishman, was a husky man who wanted his boy to be a battler. He snorted at the fiddle lessons and retaliated by hiring a professional boxing coach to teach me how to use my fists.

Up to then I had always shied away from fights with the other kids in our neighborhood. The boxing lessons began at just about the time a few of the rougher lads were getting ready to bully me. My increased confidence soon encouraged me to stand firm and outstare them whenever they tried to crowd me off the sidewalk. At the same time the bullies became a bit wary about risking an actual poke at me. The result was that I never did get into a boyhood scrap with anybody. When I grew up, I turned out to be quite a big fellow—too big for the average drunk or pugnacious screwball to feel like challenging. Anyway, I'm peaceful by nature and I don't go around looking for trouble.

Not As Easy As It Looks

The brawls I take part in on the screen are usually charted as carefully in advance as the steps of a ballet. Individual shots can be cut and edited and put together with amazing results and, of course, the sound track can be doctored up to make a rehearsed hook to the jaw come booming against your eardrums like a battering ram crashing into a brick wall. In spite of all precautions, though, it's possible to get hurt. I've accidentally mauled a few guys in my day, and I've been mauled in return. I do all my own screen fighting. The only time I ever use a double is for extreme trick riding in westerns.

Film acting, I can assure you, is not as easy as it often looks. It's mostly done in a sort of crazy-quilt succession of short takes, lasting only a few seconds each on the screen, and it's not at all uncommon for a shot or an entire scene to be repeated twenty or more times before the director is finally satisfied. A love scene with the most alluring woman in the world becomes something less than exciting under

those conditions. That's a prime reason why I've been active lately in stage productions, to recapture the experience of building a role and shaping its momentum in front of an audience. Also, I'm hardly ever cast in a movie comedy, but on the summer stage last year I had the fun of playing the corrupt junk tycoon in *Born Yesterday*, the role taken by Broderick Crawford in the film version. Marie (The Body) McDonald was my dumb-blondie girl friend.

I am now 38, but my 33-inch waistline is exactly the same as it was 20 years ago. I'm 6 feet 3 inches tall and my weight is 194, which means that, if anything, I'm four or five pounds underweight for my height. I don't have to bother with strict diets and never go near a gymnasium except as a spectator. Chasing my small sons around the house gives me all the exercise I need.

One of the main reasons why I've never got fat is that for many years I haven't been eating the usual three meals a day. I eat six—all of them small. This means I never stagger away from the table with that bloated feeling. I didn't adopt this routine as a way of keeping lean; I just do it because I like it.

My first bite from the acting bug came at the age of nine in 1923. The old Essanay company was making silent movies in our district in Chicago. One day a few kids were selected from the street crowds to play bit parts and I was one of them. After that I imagined myself a towering figure in school dramatic productions, although I'm sure I was an awful little ham.

Below Ground in B. C.

I went to Dartmouth College, in the old New Hampshire city of Hanover. The university was chartered by George III, six years before the American Revolution. Daniel Webster is one of its patron saints. Later, I sometimes thought about all this with a trace of bitterness, while roughing my way around the world trying to earn a living, because my college background certainly didn't help much in finding jobs during the depression.

I took a straight arts course and helped to edit the college paper. I also wrote plays, fiction and even a bit of poetry, but never sold a line. My efforts in boxing and football were more successful.

Before finishing college in 1932 at nineteen I had spent one very sweaty summer as a working cowboy on a Montana ranch. That was a picnic compared with some of the jobs I tackled later. At various times I was a seaman, door-to-door salesman, and even bodyguard-chauffeur to a bootlegger—for just one day, until I discovered who he was.

My travels took me to Canada for about four weeks in the fall of 1932, as a coal miner at Fernie, B.C. That was one of the most rugged months of toil I ever spent and for the rest of my life I'm retaining a healthy respect for all those guys who work below the ground.

Finally I landed a job as a WPA paving supervisor in Chicago. Eight regular hours of straw-bossing by day left me enough energy for night work so I grabbed a chance to direct an amateur stage production of Sir James Barrie's comedy, *Dear Brutus*. This was with an all-girl cast at a private school. The play was quite a hit and I felt encouraged to start studying stagecraft with a stock-company veteran named Edward Boyle. I'm sure I wasn't his brightest pupil but he taught me plenty.

In 1938 I got a lucky break. I had

saved a few bucks and invested them in a Michigan oil well and they paid off at a nice fat two thousand dollars. I packed up and moved to Hollywood and studied in the Max Reinhardt Workshop and under Vladimir Sokoloff. One day a man from Paramount saw me on the stage and hired me as a stock player at seventy-five a week. My adult screen debut was as a pug who muscled into the amateur fights in *Golden Gloves*, a ring epic released in August of 1940. A few months later came Cecil B. DeMille's *North West Mounted Police*, with a

very inconspicuous Ryan as one of the Mounties.

Meanwhile I had married in 1939 a pretty girl named Jessica Cadwalader, one of my drama-school classmates. After my bit in the DeMille picture several people earnestly suggested that I was not the type for a career in the movies. I was beginning to think so myself, so Jess and I went East and tried the stage again, touring the straw-hat circuits. The money wasn't so good, but the experience was beyond all price.

Gradually a few of the critics began

writing nice things about me, especially when I played opposite Luise Rainer in *A Kiss for Cinderella*. It was the same when I appeared with the fabulous Tallulah Bankhead in *Clash by Night*. Hollywood was getting interested again and RKO came looking for me. They wanted me for what shaped up like a terrific role in *Name, Age and Occupation*, by Pare Lorentz, as a working man in search of security during the depression. I figured I would hardly need a script to play that part. The project, however, was shelved in a change of studio regime.



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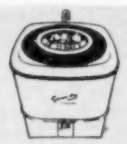
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But I did get a fairly prominent role in *Bombardier*, released in the spring of '43, and after that in several other war pictures, winding up with *Marine Raiders*, opposite Ruth Hussey and Pat O'Brien.

I was making love to Ginger Rogers, cinematically speaking, in a picture called *Tender Comrade* which came out at the same time I was enlisting in the Marine Corps in January of 1944. The fellows saw the film in camp and I was subjected to the usual ribbing. In the service they tabbed me as a physical education instructor, private first class. I didn't get overseas.

Since the war I've been working steadily at RKO and I've been getting my share of pretty good pictures. One of my favorites was *The Set-Up*. I appeared as a tired third-rate professional boxer, a real ham-and-egger, and Audrey Totter was my wife, desperately anxious to persuade her man to quit the ring before his brains got muddled. That picture told the story of at least a hundred fighters I have known personally and all of us who had anything to do with it are proud that many people found it honest, moving and absorbing.

We in Hollywood are often accused of dwelling in our own snug smug ivory tower and of neither knowing nor caring what the rest of the world is doing, thinking and feeling. I guess there are some people in the film industry like that, but there are plenty of us who've been around enough to react quite differently. I'm not trying to suggest, mind you, that all movies should be serious or sociological in tone. We are entertainers; we're in show business; we've got to satisfy a broad and varied public. But it's rewarding to an actor—and usually, I believe, to the audience as well—when his role and the story surrounding it are related to real life as he knows it, whether the picture is a drama, romance, comedy or farce.

What! No Swimming Pool?

I am convinced that both the movie-makers and the customers are steadily becoming more mature in their tastes. Television seems to be bothering some of us as a threat to the whole industry, but personally I feel that it will merely force Hollywood (and the British and foreign studios, too) into an intelligent program of fewer and better pictures. TV won't destroy the films any more than the films destroyed the stage, or the radio destroyed the phonograph.

In our eight-room bungalow on an acre of the San Fernando Valley my wife and I are getting a tremendous kick out of watching our two boys growing up. Timothy is five and Cheyney is three, and they are both terrors in the Irish tradition. We don't own a swimming pool or a tennis court, but I do have a little hide-out at the back of the lot where I do my studying. Jess has turned most of our property into a garden and I spend quite a bit of time out there between pictures, although I'm not an expert gardener.

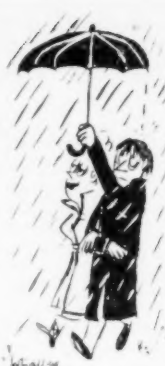
Jess, by the way, takes care of the children herself; we have no nurse, no governess. However, we employ a middle-aged married couple who look after the house. Jess does most of the cooking. Her specialties are seven kinds of omelet and an Italian dish she picked up somewhere called *chicken cacciatore*. I don't know how to describe it, but I certainly know how to put it away.

The Ryans live comfortably, but not lavishly. We don't feel that we have to put up a big front to impress people and we're more interested in building up a nest egg while the money is coming in. It has become fashionable for film

**UMBRELLA
FOR TWO**

I hold one hand high;
With the other I grip her.
She is perfectly dry—
But I'm under the drifter!

—Leonard K. Schiff



stars to emphasize their poverty but I don't find it too difficult to get by on my income of about one hundred and fifty thousand a year. Taxes, of course, are tremendous. I'm expected to be a generous tipper and to make dozens of charitable contributions. But even after meeting these and many other expenses I find ample left to ensure a good savings program. Like most actors I employ a part-time business manager to look after my money. Unlike many, though, I don't own any real estate or commercial enterprises. Most of my surplus is salted away in U. S. Government bonds.

My wife and I go to a night club about once a year. Most of our social life revolves around visiting our friends. Late nights are a poor idea in my business; I try to get to bed by eleven o'clock, or midnight at the latest. On a typical working day I'm up at six, drive myself to the studio in my Ford roadster, and eat breakfast on the set—usually a doughnut and coffee. I report to the wardrobe department at seven-thirty, but only go to the make-up department when I'm making a Technicolor picture. I work without make-up when appearing before a black-and-white camera.

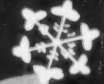

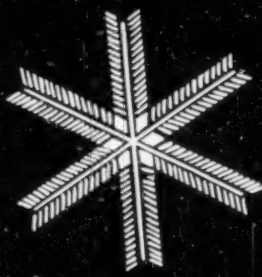
I go before the cameras at nine and, as a general rule, we don't break off for lunch until one. An hour later, sharp on the button, we're back at work. At six o'clock we're usually through for the day and I then join the boys for a beer and start home.

How long can I last in the movies? It's a question we seldom ask aloud in this business, where a feeling of deep seated insecurity is likely to develop in spite of large incomes. In my own case, provided I continue to get a reasonable share of the breaks, I feel that I have at least twenty more good Hollywood years ahead of me. When I outlive the leading-man classification I confidently expect to become a character actor—and, very probably, to get the most challenging roles of my career. Charles Boyer, William Powell, Paul Kelly, Herbert Marshall and dozens of others have succeeded in making this transition gracefully.

Some years ago an old joke was making the rounds about an actor who instructed his children to say that their daddy played the piano in a speakeasy—I think it was a speakeasy—whenever someone asked them what the old man did for a living, but on no account were they to confess that he was an actor. Those days, I am sure, are gone forever, and I'm glad of it. Actors who do good professional work and who behave like decent citizens in their private lives are generally respected nowadays in the community. I hope young Tim and Cheyney Ryan won't be ashamed to tell anybody what their pop does for his bread and butter—and gravy. ★



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Hon. G. Edouard Rinfret, K.C., M.P., Postmaster General



W. J. Turnbull, Deputy Postmaster General

The Saintly Failure

Continued from page 17

then half way through her long career as Progressive MP for Southeast Grey, dropped into Room 616 that morning and noticed the change in the portrait gallery. "Oh, J. S., if you ever take my picture down it'll break my heart," she said.

Woodsworth twinkled at her: "Better watch your step, young lady." It was said in fun, but she knew he meant it.

Rectitude came naturally to J. S. Woodsworth. His grandfather, a lay preacher, was a prosperous builder in Toronto until he endorsed a note for a friend. The friend defaulted. Grandfather Woodsworth paid off every cent, though it left him nearly bankrupt. As a result his three sons were unable to go to college, but J. S. Woodsworth's father went into the ministry anyway. Young James was born in 1874 on the farm at Islington, Ont., where his mother Esther Shaver had grown up. He was still a small boy when his father moved to the western mission fields and settled the family in Brandon.

His childhood recollections were of the old, still unopened west—field trips with his father by buckboard or horseback; the open table his mother kept for wayfarers, white and Indian; the hard, healthy, satisfying life of the prairie. He was the eldest of six; with his father away so much, young James took charge of the family.

He was a sterner disciplinarian than either his father or his mother. Fifty years later his own children observed with amusement their middle-aged aunts and uncles still in evident fear of James' indignation.

For all his kindness Woodsworth was always stern. As a student at Winnipeg's Wesley College he didn't smoke, dance, play cards or go to parties, and he had a very low opinion of those who did. In the mission field in 1896, the year he graduated from Wesley, the twenty-two-year-old preacher noted in his diary: "Had a long talk today with a man of twenty-five or thirty. He knows he is not living as he ought. Tobacco is what keeps him from Christ."

That aspect of Methodism survived in him when the creed itself had died. His children remember Sunday at home as a rather grimly devotional day. The young Woodsworths suffered also for Father's own personal beliefs. His son Charles, now editor of the Ottawa Citizen, can still feel the humiliation of sitting alone in a Vancouver classroom while the other boys (whose parents were not pacifist) went out to cadet drill.

To the children he was Father, not Daddy. His wife called him James; some of the CCF "old guard" used to call him J. S. to his face, but to M. J. Coldwell, his successor in the leadership, he was never anything but Mr. Woodsworth. The only people who called him Jim were the friends he made as a laborer on the Vancouver waterfront.

His wife, whose fund of merriment is still unspent at seventy-seven, once remarked to a friend: "If James had more sense of humor he'd never have amounted to anything. He could never see how funny he looked, one little man struggling against the whole world."

But he never really did look funny (least of all to his wife, who shared all his troubles and trials without even a thought of complaint). Hearing about it forty-five years later you wonder why. You wonder that this rather officiously virtuous young man wasn't written off as a prig.

He wasn't, as a matter of fact. He



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played football all through college (in spite of his small size he was a fast three-quarter at English rugby) and took an active part in college life. In his last year at Wesley he won the Senior Stick, a gold-headed cane which was a token of all-round excellence, the highest honor a student could win. Except for the brief period when his pacifism made him an outcast he was always popular.

One reason may have been his utter sincerity and his respect for sincerity in others. Woodsworth admired a man who fought for his principles, whether he personally agreed with the principles or not. One of his proud possessions, which hung on the living room wall in Winnipeg was the sword his grandfather Woodsworth had carried in the Rebellion of 1837.

Another endearing thing about Woodsworth: He always paid the full price of his own beliefs. Unlike the average do-gooder, he had only one standard of conduct. To take one minor example: As CCF leader in the Thirties he did an exhausting amount of traveling, but he never took any other accommodation than a day coach or a tourist-class berth. This was a matter of embarrassment to other CCFers, who like their creature comforts as well as anyone else. Also they worried, with good reason, about the old man's health. But Woodsworth used to say, "It's poor people's money we're spending."

Why Envy the Rich?

In the campaign of 1940, three months before the paralytic stroke that finally killed him, the party took stern measures. They bought him a first-class compartment for every journey, and put him on every train. Woodsworth made no protest. At the end of the campaign he handed the compartment tickets back to the CCF national office, all properly canceled, and told them to collect the refunds. He had given his chaperons the slip and traveled by day coach and tourist sleeper as usual.

The sincerity he inherited; the keen awareness of poverty and the passionate sympathy for the poor developed more slowly. In that mission-field diary of 1896 is one entry which would have sounded odd, coming from the Woodsworth Canada remembers: "Had quite a conversation with Hughes. He is the type of the comparatively uneducated class, narrow and bigoted and jealous of the upper classes. Still there is a good deal of truth in many of the complaints of such people. From their standpoint the wealthy seem to have little right to their riches: 'If I work as hard as a lawyer I ought to have the same reward,' is the principle. They forget or rather cannot comprehend the different abilities—the *quality* as well as *quantity*. When a man is struggling for a bare living and sees others living in luxury from profits made in business transactions with him, he is apt to think there is something wrong. Still, in my own case I am not envious of those wealthy business men I have met."

He never did become envious on his own account but he soon lost his patronizing attitude toward the poor. The change began when he went to Oxford for a postgraduate year in 1899. He spent his vacations in settlement houses in the east end of London and saw at close range a kind and quantity of poverty for which the prairies had not prepared him. Memories of it dogged him when he came back as assistant minister to Grace Church, Winnipeg. He began to wonder if the church was doing enough to relieve human misery on this earth, and if not, why not.

One of the things that bothered him was the funeral service for children. He told a friend years later: "I couldn't go on saying these babies had been taken by God's will, when I knew what had killed them was dirty milk."

Another thing was the flood of immigrants then pouring into the west and the inhuman indifference that greeted them. Doubts of the church as an institution, as well as doubts about dogma, underlay that letter of resignation from the ministry in 1907.

When the resignation was refused and the young pastor went to All People's Mission these doubts were allayed for a time. He paid no more attention to creed. What he offered was practical help.

He married Lucy Staples, a fellow-student during the year he spent in Victoria College, Toronto, and she was a pillar of strength to him for the rest of his life. She had more warmth than he and a greater sense of fun, but no smaller sense of duty. When he decided to give up comfort and go to work among the poor she took it as a matter of course.

At that time they had two small children, whose earliest memories now are of those strenuous happy years in the Winnipeg slums. Mrs. Woodsworth started a kindergarten which her own children attended along with those of the immigrant families. Woodsworth started classes in English—he spoke no other language himself, but he taught by demonstration. His daughter Grace, then a child of five or six, has a clear memory of her father saying very slowly, to a shy and awkward foreigner: "I get out of bed . . . I put on my pants . . . I put on my socks . . . I put on my shoes . . ."

Through the mission Woodsworth first came into contact with the labor movement. He was appointed delegate of the Ministerial Association to the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council and he began to contribute weekly essays by "Pastor Newbottle" to the local labor paper. They sounded increasingly "radical" as he learned more about workers' problems. They also show a revival of his doubts about the church's effectiveness as a force for reform, doubts by no means diminished by the anger he aroused among many of Winnipeg's respectable parishioners.

That was one reason he left the mission in 1913 to head the Canadian Welfare League, and later the prairie Bureau of Social Service. It was this latter job which the governments abolished after Woodsworth's anticonscription outburst in December 1916.

Pacifism From the Pulpit

He spent only one more year as a minister then, at Gibson's Landing, a tiny hamlet twenty miles up the coast from Vancouver. His parish consisted of a handful of English-speaking families, but there was also a settlement of Finns up the hill. They were foreigners and many of them were Communists. On both counts the older parishioners took a dark view of the new minister's immediate attempts to include these lesser breeds in the congregation. Solid citizens also resented his active support of the local cooperative.

But the worst bone of contention, again, was his opposition to war. Use of the pulpit as a recruiting agency had revolted Woodsworth for years. His attitude went back to the Boer War, when he had been in England, but it became acute after 1914. He found himself at a recruiting meeting in St. James Methodist Church, Montreal, one evening in October 1915.

"Really, Lucy," he wrote to his wife, "if I weren't on principle opposed to spectacular methods, I would have got

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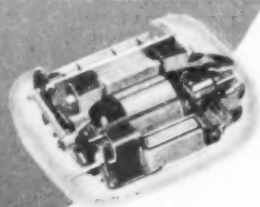


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up and denounced the whole performance as a perversion—a damnable perversion, if you like—of the teachings of Jesus and a profanation of the day and the house set apart for Divine Worship . . . I felt like doing something desperate—forswearing church attendance, repudiating any connection with the church . . . I walked the streets all night."

Even at Gibson's Landing he ran into the same kind of pressure. He refused to read war bulletins from the pulpit, he continued to preach in a pacifist strain, and he incurred the bitter enmity of several leading parishioners, notably a superpatriotic storekeeper. (It turned out later that this particular patriot was the chief supplier, in the last year of war, of a large camp of draft-dodgers just over the hill from Gibson's Landing.)

Finally, in June 1918 Woodsworth sent a second letter of resignation from the Methodist clergy. By an odd irony the man who accepted it was Rev. A. E. Smith, then president of the Manitoba Conference of the Methodist Church but later a leading figure in the Canadian Communist Party.

Woodsworth went to Vancouver to look for work. His wife stayed on at Gibson's Landing with the children; she had been a teacher before their marriage and she got a job teaching in the local school. (The same patriots tried hard to have her fired for her husband's opinions but they failed.)

Woodsworth wasn't a union member but Ernie Winch (now a CCF member of the British Columbia Legislature and father of Harold Winch, the CCF leader in B. C.) was secretary of the longshoremen's union and he knew of Woodsworth's support of the labor movement in Winnipeg. He gave the ex-minister a job. Woodsworth weighed a hundred and thirty pounds and had done no manual work since he left high school; he was hired at sixty-five cents an hour to unload raw rubber in hundred-and-fifty-pound boxes.

"For the first time in my life I've done a day's work and earned a day's wages," he wrote to Lucy. "There's no doubt about this being the way to get an insight into labor conditions. But think of you as the wife of a common laborer—a casual laborer at that, a docker!"

That was the last time in Woodsworth's life he ever expressed anything but pride in the status of a common laborer. (Lucy, of course, wrote back: "I am proud to be your wife and the mother of the children of a docker.") He still wrote articles for labor and leftist papers; one of them was entitled, *Come On In, The Water's Fine*, and it describes the "strange thrill in being, for better or worse, 'one of us'—one of the common people." He sealed that union a year later by taking an active part in the Winnipeg general strike and going to jail for it.

For Woodsworth, as for all the strike leaders, being imprisoned by the Meighen Government was an open sesame to elected office. He ran for the Independent Labor Party in Winnipeg North Centre and was elected to parliament in 1921. Thereafter he was undefeated until his death twenty-one years later.

Half of that time he was virtually alone. William Irvine, the only other Labor MP in 1921, facetiously drew Mr. Speaker's attention to "a new group in parliament: the honorable member for Winnipeg North Centre is its leader, and I am the group." They refused to join the Progressive Party which that year sent sixty-five embattled farmers to Ottawa—Woodsworth seems to have had a premonition the Liberals would gobble them up.

Even alone, though, he had an

astonishing influence. Probably no private member since Confederation has had as much influence on legislation. Woodsworth had a genius for exposing lip service and making the most of opportunity.

When he came to parliament the subject of old-age pensions had been discussed for ten years and had been in the Liberal Party platform for two years. Nothing was done about it until 1925 when the balance between the two old parties was so delicate that even a couple of backbenchers could upset it. Woodsworth and his Labor colleague A. A. Heaps sent identical letters to Prime Minister King and Opposition Leader Meighen, asking what they intended to do about pensions. King wrote back immediately, undertaking to bring in a pension law.

J. S. on Children's Rights

One day in 1931, when Mackenzie King was telling parliament how the Liberals had brought in pensions, Prime Minister Bennett answered: "What would the hon. member for Winnipeg North Centre have said if, when the bill was introduced, he had listened to the speech he has listened to this afternoon? He was the man who forced this upon a reluctant (Liberal) administration."

Woodsworth's exploit in forcing the creation of an Ontario divorce court was even more spectacular, for this time no balance-of-power situation existed. Woodsworth was literally one man alone against a parliament half hostile and half indifferent, yet he won. His technique was part stubbornness, part mere application of parliamentary principles. Divorces then (as they still are for Quebec) were sent through the House of Commons in bales of private bills. They are examined by a Senate Committee, but they are not debated in either House.

Woodsworth stalled the whole machinery of the parliamentary divorce mill by asking a simple pertinent question on each bill: "Is there any provision for the children?" The sponsor of the bills didn't know. On enquiry he often found there was not, in fact, any adequate provision for the children. By the time the Government gave in before Woodsworth's one-man blockade a very large number of MPs had come to realize how silly the Canadian divorce system is.

In those two cases Woodsworth's influence was obvious and decisive. No one can measure how much he did for other welfare legislation; he was so far ahead of his time. He was the only supporting speaker when, in 1929, a Quebec MP introduced a motion for family allowances. He argued for unemployment insurance constantly throughout the twenty-one years between its appearance as a plank in the Liberal platform and its enactment by a Liberal government. He began agitating in the Twenties for health insurance, which Canada hasn't got even yet.

Indeed it could be argued that he was just as effective alone as when, after 1932, he led a political party.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation comes honestly by its cumbersome title. It was indeed a federation, born with much travail of the Canadian Labor Party and a group of provincial farm organizations. They had no trouble agreeing that J. S. Woodsworth should be their leader, but they did have trouble agreeing on almost everything else.

Woodsworth was more than the founder, he was the heart and soul of the new party. Never in his lifetime did the CCF attain political victory (he had been dead two years when

Tommy Douglas came to power in Saskatchewan) but he laid the groundwork for any success the party has had or will have.

Yet, by a final bitter irony, the most memorable of all his experiences with the CCF was another parting of the ways. Another war raised the old issue. Woodsworth had not changed his views. Even his own party did not share them. The CCF voted for the war, with some reservations and stipulations which were quickly voted down in parliament, but with a straight "yes" in the end. Woodsworth was uncompromisingly against it.

Hansard shows no recorded vote on the issue of declaring war, and many people think the decision was unanimous. It was not. By House rules at least five members must rise to demand a recorded vote before Mr. Speaker may grant it. Woodsworth stood up, but he stood alone.

His speech on the 8th of September was vigorous, even violent. He said again what he had been so bitterly attacked for saying: "I have boys of my own, and I hope they are not cowards, but if any one of those boys, not from cowardice but really through belief, is willing to take his stand on this matter and if necessary to face a concentration camp or a firing squad, I shall be more proud of that boy than if he enlisted for the war."

It was the kind of statement for which, in 1917 and 1918, he had been execrated and hounded out of employment. This time only a lone backbench Tory cried "Shame!"

This time the old man escaped any public ordeal. His opinions had been known for years, and his sincerity respected. If any Liberals had intended to heckle him when he rose to state them again, they were silenced by their own Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King.

Speaking that afternoon, Mr. King had turned round to face his own followers as he said: "There are few men in this Parliament for whom I have greater respect than the leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. I admire him in my heart because time and again he has had the courage to say what lay on his conscience, regardless of what the world might think of him. A man of that calibre is an ornament to any Parliament."

After that introduction Woodsworth got a quiet hearing from the House. But he wouldn't have cared—his real ordeal was over by that time. He had tried to win his own party to his cause and had failed.

Until the last moment his lieutenants in the CCF thought they had worked out a compromise Woodsworth would accept. He had made no attempt to dominate the discussion, uttered no threats of resignation. But when the talk was all done and the party's position defined he rose to say quietly: "This is how democracy should work—this is a party statement worked out by discussion. But I myself, I'm afraid, cannot accept it; I shall have to resign."

They talked him out of that, but the effect was the same. He remained as a kind of leader emeritus, a "chairman of the board." M. J. Coldwell became party leader in everything but name. Woodsworth felt no resentment but he must have felt very much alone.

However, he was used to that. He'd spend most of his life alone, as a man must who follows his conscience without ever drawing back or turning aside. He never let loneliness discourage him. He believed that he was right; he believed right would triumph in the end; therefore he could never feel defeat. ★



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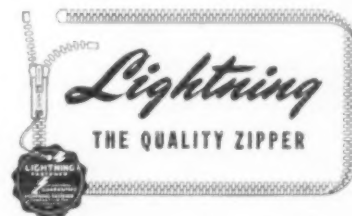
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Hockey's Greatest Scoring Machine

Continued from page 19

partnership in a bowling alley called the Bowlorium. He got out of this two years ago claiming there were too many partners. Now he has money in a skate-manufacturing business and when the Maurice Richard skate is attached to the Bobby Bauer boot (Bauer is a former right wing for the Boston Bruins) the result is a forty-five-dollar professional set, which Richard wears. There are other models at \$19.25 and \$21.25. Possibly this venture will not be permanent because Richard says he'd like to acquire "a little business—maybe a tavern" when his hockey days are over.

Obviously, any player who scores two hundred and ninety-two goals in less than nine full seasons of play (Richard, who is now thirty, scored only five in his first season, 1942-43, because a broken ankle confined his activity to sixteen games) will collect his share of fluke goals and it is equally apparent that nobody can average thirty-five goals a season armed with nothing more destructive than a horse-shoe. Frank Selke, general manager of the Canadiens, puts down Richard's success to his explosive quality of play and calls him "just enough of a Frenchman to be an artist." The Rangers' Frank Boucher says he has never seen a player so determined to put the puck in the net. "You can see it in his eyes," broods Boucher, the eyeballs of whose Rangers have been pure as the driven snow for, lo, these many years.

Curiously, the determined Richard has seldom exploded in Toronto and it has taken many a long year to convince that city's devoted hockey populace—and, with it, the national audience that views the Maple Leafs and their opponents through Foster Hewitt's Saturday night nuances—that Richard is anything more than an obscure No. 9 patrolling right wing for the Canadiens. The year Richard scored fifty goals he collected only four of them in seven games in Toronto and there have been scores of games over the years when he has had not even four shots on the net.

Richard is unable to explain this localized kink. At various times he has blamed the heat in Maple Leaf Gardens, the vastness of the place (there are no posts, no balconies and the seats bank seemingly endlessly up from the ice surface) and the fact that he grows over-anxious and tense in his desire to succeed in a city for which he bears absolutely no devotion. Frank Selke, his boss, says Richard hates Toronto because for him it is typified by a woman as abusive as she is well groomed, who sits in an expensive seat near the visiting teams' bench. "She is one of the most foul mouthed women I have ever heard," says Selke, "and she saves most of her more vitriolic outbursts for Maurice."

It definitely cannot be said that Toronto has devised a defense for Richard of which other teams are incapable, because in Montreal "the Rocket," as sportswriter Baz O'Meara of the Montreal Daily Star labeled Richard, finds the Leaf net quite as accessible as any other. In fact it was against Toronto that he established a play-off record of five goals in a single game. His check that night was Bob Davidson, one of the most tenacious of checkers, but Davidson's clutching best was not enough to prevent Richard from converting five passes from Toe Blake into play-off records for both of them. That was in 1944 when Richard

scored twelve goals in nine play-off games, still another record, against the Leafs and the Chicago Black Hawks as the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup.

Richard is at his best at home. When he gets wound up on Montreal ice, with the Forum crowds shrieking wildly each time he gets the puck, he becomes a whirling dashing man possessed. One night he arrived at the dressing room an hour before game time and informed coach Dick Irvin he was pooped.

"Pooped?" enquired silver-haired Irvin, "how do you mean pooped?" "Moved today," replied Richard, whose English is tinged with Jean-Baptiste. "Carried furniture up and down stairs all afternoon. Feel pooped."

This came about three days after Christmas in 1944 and Richard had bought a new home for his family. The Canadiens were playing Detroit that night, always a rugged opponent at the Forum and the pooped Richard moved lethargically onto the ice. First time he got the puck the crowd started to shout his name and since he'd been set up in the clear by Elmer Lach, his centreman, he didn't have too much difficulty scoring. That set him off. Before the night was out the fizzled Rocket was sizzling; he scored five goals, got three assists as Canadiens won 9-1. That's another Richard entry in the record book.

Melee In the Lobby

Richard seldom makes headlines off the ice, but his attack on referee Hugh McLean in the lobby of New York's Piccadilly Hotel one Sunday morning last season was one of the season's most widely debated episodes. He did this twelve hours after a game in Montreal in which he'd swung on Detroit's Leo Reise who had jeered at him for getting a penalty. Richard explains: "A man can take just so much. I was skating close to the Detroit net when Sid Abel grabbed me by the chin, nearly twisted my head off and spun me right around. I drew the referee's attention to this. All I said was: 'You must have seen that,' but he laughed in my face. As I skated away I said: 'This is the damndest thing yet,' and then McLean rushed up and put me off." As he skated toward the penalty box Reise snickered at him and Richard swung at the Detroit defenseman and drew an additional misconduct penalty from McLean. The following morning, as the Canadiens arrived in New York from Montreal for a Sunday night game with the Rangers, Richard encountered McLean and linesman Jim Primeau in the hotel lobby. He grabbed McLean by the collar and tried to punch him but was restrained by Primeau, who began throwing punches at Richard.

Out of all this, a week after the incident, the Rocket was fined five hundred dollars by NHL president Clarence Campbell, who declined to suspend the player (as he had done in earlier and similar cases involving other players) on the fairly implausible grounds that "the suspension of a great hockey star is not justified if it reflects in the gate receipts," to quote Bob Hesketh of the Toronto Telegram who interviewed Campbell after the fine was announced. "We're trying to conduct a business," Campbell continued. "If I suspended Richard, a great drawing card wherever he goes, it would affect the attendance of the league."

There is no denying that Richard is a vital cog in the successful financial operation of the Montreal club. General manager Selke says he "might as well give up half the Forum as contemplate a trade involving Richard"

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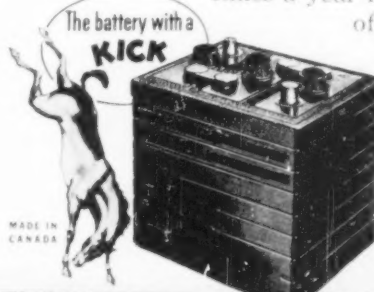
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in reply to reports that fabulous sums have been offered for the Rocket.

Two years ago, while the Toronto Maple Leafs were having trouble holding fourth place, their president, Conn Smythe, sent instructions to his coach, Hap Day (now assistant general manager), that he was to present a blank cheque to Selke to be filled in with any amount up to one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in exchange for Richard. Smythe, holidaying in Florida at the time, was "grandstanding," according to Selke, who refused even to consider the proposition. Selke says Richard is the sort of competitor that money cannot buy. Richard's salary has never been made public but Selke claims he is getting "at least five thousand dollars more than any other hockey player, past or present." An acquaintance asked him one time if the figure would approach twenty thousand dollars a year and Selke replied that it is in excess of that amount. This includes bonuses for play-off cuts and returns for being selected on the league's annual all-star team (Richard was picked as the right winger on the first team six years in a row, was second to Detroit's Gordie Howe last season; this brings a cash award of one thousand dollars from the league for the first team, five hundred dollars for the second team. Generally teams match the league's award). Richard had a unique arrangement last season. He was promised a bonus of one thousand dollars if he scored thirty-five goals and one hundred dollars per goal for each one thereafter. On his forty-two-goal season he thereby picked up seventeen hundred dollars as a goals bonus.

He's a Penalty Killer-Offer

Though Richard is not a big man physically, Wally Stanowski, defenseman for the New York Rangers, says he is the hardest man in the league to stop because of his strength. "I've had him completely covered," Stanowski claims, "and he'll make a pass at the blue line. Somehow he'll still manage to cut in on the net, often carrying me on his back, and get his shot away." Turk Broda, Toronto goalkeeper for fifteen seasons, says Richard's shot is the most difficult to stop, not because of its velocity but because of its uncanny accuracy from any angle. "He'll be standing in front of the net, maybe twenty feet out, waiting for a pass out," says Broda. "He'll have his back to the goal and he'll be surrounded by our players. But if the puck comes out he somehow can whirl and swipe at it, backhand or the other way, and drive it dead for a corner. I think half the time he doesn't know where it's going himself, yet invariably it will just skim the post and deflect into the net."

Richard, like other great scorers before him such as Charlie Conacher and Nels Stewart, has frequently been charged with being a one-way hockey player; that is, that he is an artist driving toward the enemy goal but no craftsman defending his own. His boss, Dick Irvin, refutes these charges. "He's not the best backchecker in the world by any means," says Irvin, "but if you've watched many of our games you'll have noticed that I frequently use him to kill off penalties. When we're playing five men against six, I've found that Richard has the speed and the stamina to hound the opposition as well as any player in the league."

There is no question that he is the league's most abused forward. Players charged with keeping Richard in check employ all sorts of clutching, grabbing and holding tactics in an effort to shackle him. Being of explosive temperament, Richard draws his share of

penalties for his retaliatory swipes at his molesters. Frank Boucher says the Rangers have had some success in harnessing the Rocket by sticking tough little forward Tony Leswick on him. Leswick, traded to Detroit for Gaye Stewart last summer, found that by verbally needling Richard he was sufficiently able to infuriate him as to render him comparatively ineffective. But Boucher is quick to point out that the Rangers have never cowed Richard.

"We had a pretty tough kid named Bob Dill playing defense a few years ago," Boucher smiles, "and he decided one night to take on Richard. The two of them had drawn penalties and were sitting in the penalty box when Dill took him on. To his complete sorrow, I might add, Richard knocked him stiff."

But the most celebrated of all Richard's ice escapades involved Bill Ezinicki and Vic Lynn, forwards for the Maple Leafs in 1947 and now with Boston. In a torrid play-off in Montreal in which the Canadiens were heavily favored after winning the first game 6-0, the Leafs put on a heavy checking display in the second game and had a 3-0 lead in the second period when Richard slashed Lynn with his stick, opening a four-stitch cut over the Leaf winger's left eye. Then he swung his stick axe-fashion over referee Bill Chadwick's shoulder and onto Ezinicki's head, causing a seven-inch cut clear across the player's scalp. Richard was given a major penalty of five minutes in the first instance, a match misconduct in the second, and league president Campbell suspended him from the third playoff game and appended a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fine.

Strong and durable, the Rocket almost didn't get to the starting gate. Born in Montreal, Aug. 4, 1921, he very nearly didn't become an NHL player at all because he showed signs in his youth of being brittle, meaning that bumps and spills frequently produced fractures.

He first attracted attention as a scoring star with the Verdun Juniors in the 1939-40 season and when, as a nineteen-year-old rightwinger (he shoots left-handed) he joined the Montreal Canadiens of the Quebec Senior Hockey League, it was like an expectant mother booking space in the hospital. In the first game of the season, against the Quebec Aces, he was tripped and sent crashing into the boards. He broke his left ankle.

"I play around twenty games the next year," he recalls, "still with the Canadiens seniors and then I fall against the net. This time the left arm is broke."

He got back in time for the play-offs and scored six goals while his team was being eliminated by Ottawa in a four-game semifinal. The NHL Canadiens signed him on the strength of his play-off performance. Teamed as a rookie with Gordie Drillon and Buddy O'Connor he scored five goals and got six assists in sixteen games; then he broke his right ankle and once again was out for the season.

Early the following year, the 1943-44 season, it looked like the same story. After a couple of games he twisted his shoulder and was lost for two weeks. But then he started to roll. He was placed beside Elmer Lach and Toe Black on what became known as the Punch Line and scored thirty-two goals in collecting fifty-four scoring points. The next year he produced fifty goals and became the most colorful player in professional hockey. As Ted Reeve of the Toronto Telegram once observed: "If I had to pay to get in, it'd be worth the price of admission to see him." ★

How to Live Without Arms

Continued from page 15

strongly the resentment of my new position. I had lived that year fully, coming of age with a complete awareness of my strength and vitality. Then to be thrown back to a situation of limited action seemed almost more than I could bear.

It was my stepmother who helped restore my confidence in myself and start me on the way to a new attitude. After my mother's death, with the added responsibility of a handicapped son, my father had married again. His second wife, Effie, through true understanding and patience, taught me that life without arms was not only possible, but could be a constructive and happy existence.

Although I didn't realize it then, she was constantly inventing devices to demonstrate my continuing usefulness as a person. One of her favorite tricks was to pretend she had run short of some necessary ingredient while she was in the midst of preparing a meal. As the only other person in the house I was the only one who could help her in her predicament. Whenever this happened she would sling a small shopping bag around my shoulder, put some change in it and send me off to the corner grocery to pick up the necessary parcel. She was never overly grateful for this service, but took it as a matter of course—an attitude that helped immeasurably in restoring my confidence.

Soon after that I began going out again. At first I would leave the house only after dark and, after a few quick turns around the block, I'd hurry back to the shelter of my room. Then I started attending a Sunday Bible class.

Here, renewing old friendships and making new friends, I began to feel less self-conscious about meeting people. A few months later, unknown to me, the members of this Bible class made a house-to-house collection in the neighborhood and presented me with the money to buy an artificial arm. The spontaneity and generosity of this act convinced me that life wasn't going to be nearly as difficult as I had imagined.

For a while I held high hopes for the difference an artificial arm would make. I soon discovered, however, that without an elbow you exercise very little control over an artificial arm—particularly when you have no second arm with which to manipulate it. When the arm was first fitted I tried to use it writing, painting, opening doors. I even tied a bat to it and tried playing ping-pong. None of them worked and, a little regretfully, I went back to relying on my mouth and feet.

By this time I had managed to work out a number of things I could do with my mouth and feet. Around the house I learned how to open all the doors with my feet. By knocking the telephone receiver off the cradle onto a pillow, I found I could answer the phone efficiently. By taking a short stick in my mouth I was able to dial. I also taught myself to pick any normal-size book out of the bookcase with my teeth, and by turning the pages with my mouth I managed to get through it at a fair rate of speed.

It's now almost second nature with me, but one of the hardest lessons I had to learn was asking other people for help. At first I was enormously sensitive about asking strangers for even the smallest favor. Because of my artificial arm, which rests in one pocket, it must sometimes appear to people that I'm asking for help because I'm too lazy to do things for myself.



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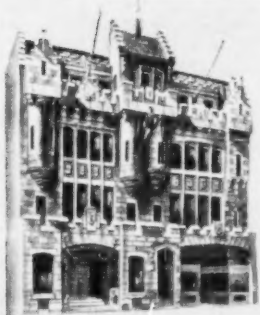
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The awareness of this stopped me cold for a long, long time.

My initial experiences in asking people to take a cigarette from my pocket and light it or money from my wallet to pay for something were fraught with embarrassment. I sometimes let half a dozen streetcars pass before I would gather enough courage to brave the stares of passengers while I had the conductor rummage through my pockets for the fare. I realize I didn't help matters any by my tentative self-conscious manner. Even today I occasionally run up against a situation where a stranger is ill at ease dealing with me. The most common difficulty arises when there is something I must sign. I say, quite straightforwardly, "I'm sorry, I can't sign my name." Invariably this prompts the response, "Oh. Well, just make an 'X'."

A few months ago a bright young office clerk came up with the best response I've yet had in this situation. She asked me to sign a form with a pencil tied to the counter. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm not going to put that dirty string in my mouth." "I don't blame you," she said, and proceeded to sign the form for me.

Although it bothers me less now than it used to I am still sometimes irritated by people who are over-solicitous, people who think I can do absolutely nothing for myself. I realize they are, for the most part, well-intentioned, but their obvious discomfort at watching me perform some relatively simple task for myself, such as moving a chair up to a table, starts me worrying all over again about my ability to help myself.

About a year after my accident I proved to myself fairly conclusively that I can get along even when I'm surrounded by strangers. In the spring of 1940 I received a letter from a sailor-cousin of mine I had never met. His ship was to be in Montreal harbor a few days and he wondered if I could come down and meet him. So the following Friday morning I set out by myself and succeeded in hitchhiking alone the three hundred and fifty miles there and back. I spent seventy-two hours without encountering a single person I had ever met before. After that experience I knew that, even under the most adverse circumstances, I could get along.

Soon after I had adjusted myself to the immediate everyday difficulties of living without arms I had to face the larger problem of what I was going to do with my life. Fortunately, for the time being, I had a family I could depend on for help, but I knew the day was coming when I would have to make some sort of decision about my future. It was obvious that my possibilities were, to say the least, limited.

Here again, it was my stepmother, Effie, who helped. One night, about four months after the accident, she persuaded me to attend a play reading at our nearby community centre. It sounded like something different to do so I went along to watch and listen. During the course of the audition someone suggested I read a part. Before I knew what had happened I had a part in a play.

I was very pleased and flattered by my apparent success in that small amateur effort and I continued to act in the community-centre plays during the rest of the winter season. At the time it seemed an insane notion, but I began to think seriously of acting as a career. Radio acting appeared particularly practical because it didn't require the use of arms, so, in the spring of 1940, I joined an amateur radio workshop on one of the Toronto stations. I picked up a year of valuable radio experience there, and, while my

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new vocation wasn't bringing in any money, it was giving me a new and important sense of confidence. For the first time it seemed possible to me that I would one day be able to support myself independently.

In 1941 I earned my first money as a professional actor, playing the part of a prisoner-of-war in a Red Cross broadcast. It was a big role, and when the broadcast came off without a hitch I knew more work would follow.

More Than a Thousand Shows

At first, producers were nervous and sceptical about me. They were ready to acknowledge my usefulness as an actor, but I could sense they were afraid, that, without the use of my arms, I might get into some sort of a jam, get hung up without a script, and the show would fall apart. But my fellow-actors were wonderful. They held scripts for me, marked my part, helped me in and out of difficult situations and contributed all the encouragement and support anyone could have asked. After a bumpy, tentative beginning, I was soon entrenched as a professional actor, working regularly and earning an adequate annual income.

At present I appear regularly on many CBC drama programs which originate in Toronto—the Sunday night Stage series, Ford Theatre, Cross Section, CBC Farm and School broadcasts are a few—and, although I calculate I've appeared on more than a thousand radio programs since I began, I have yet to be hung up on a show because of no arms.

With this achievement I had come a long way from those difficult and discouraging days when I was so sure there would never be anything in life for me. I had licked many of the toughest problems of physical and financial dependence. There still remained one very important question to be answered before I could enjoy complete confidence in myself. Could I, like anyone else, live the life of a married man?

One early encounter, soon after my accident, had frightened me away from becoming too attached to any one girl. There was a girl in our neighborhood I had known for years and liked very much. I saw a good deal of her after I lost my arms until one day her father asked me to stop seeing her. He told me he was afraid it might develop into something serious and, in my position, it wouldn't be fair to expect marriage. That was the last time I even considered the idea, until I met Pat.

Pat Gibson was a dark-eyed intense girl whom I met at the community-centre play group. She came to a play reading one night and sat quietly off from the others for almost the entire evening. Because I now understood so well what that feeling of shyness could mean I went over to talk with her, to try and help her feel more at ease with us. Later we took the same streetcar home and, on the way, stopped for coffee and a long talk.

Slowly, over a period of months, our friendship developed until one day we realized we were in love. Marriage still seemed an impractical affair for me, even though both of us wanted it more than anything else in the world.

The following year my father died suddenly and I was forced to make the decision. There were many things Effie couldn't do for me so Pat and I decided to take the chance, and we got married.

For three years our marriage worked wonderfully well. It was the one thing I needed to complete my readjustment. During those years she taught me a sense of responsibility and integrity

that I had never known before, that I might never have learned without her. In our fourth year we ran into trouble—trouble that had nothing to do with my armless situation—and we decided the wisest thing was to call it quits. Since our divorce we have been, if anything, better friends than ever before, and I shall always be grateful for the help and confidence Pat gave me during those difficult years.

This year I married again. Iris, my wife, is a commercial artist who is continuing her daytime job. Still, she manages to find the time to look after the apartment and take care of the many things I need help with. We share our apartment with a radio actor, Les Rubie, who is able to fill in effectively doing little things for me while Iris is away.

With all my progress toward uncomplicated everyday living, I realize my life today is still far from what can be called "normal living." I know that as long as I live I will have to plan every moment of every day so that when I need help I will be near someone who can do the necessary things for me. No matter where I want to go I must arrange things so that there will be a friend handy to feed me at mealtimes, someone who will put on a coat for me when it is raining, someone who can take me to the toilet.

The Things We Take for Granted

Around my own apartment things are comparatively simple. Iris shaves me and gets my breakfast before leaving for work; Les attends to the bathroom and dressing chores sometime during the morning. After this, I can manage fairly well by myself. I can light my own cigarettes by picking up a match in my mouth striking it, and laying it down at an angle in an ash tray. I can even feed myself a prepared lunch by manipulating my artificial arm with my knee, spooning up the food with a special spoon and fork which I can attach to the hand. In restaurants, however, I find it more convenient and quicker to let someone else feed me. Together with the telephone, my books and the radio, I find I can spend any solitary hours quite agreeably.

True, there are times when I chafe under some of the conditions my situation dictates. For example, it's sometimes annoying to have to get up at an early hour so I can be shaved and dressed while there's someone around to do it. In the winter I often have to leave the house hours before I want to, because there will be no one to put on my overcoat and rubbers if I wait until later. Sometimes, too, I long to go off for a day in the country all by myself, and I know this will never be practical.

But, when I stop to consider, none of these things are really important compared with what I'm still able to get out of life. I have learned to appreciate being able to do many things that others merely take for granted.

Just after the last war I heard about a young air force veteran in our neighborhood who committed suicide because he'd lost both his arms in an airplane crash. I wish I had been able to talk to him. I could have told him that living without arms needn't be the hopeless affair it seems at first. Your own ingenuity and strength, plus the help of generous and understanding people, can help you achieve almost any important thing you set out to do.

One of my friends smilingly refers to me as Canada's most offhand actor. His hands are only two of the hundreds that help me live a happy useful life without arms. ★

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Times have changed—prices have risen. Homes now cost much more than they did in 1941—almost *double* in many cases! A seven room home may now cost you from \$16,000 to \$20,000. Ten years ago, the same type of home could be bought for \$8,000. Your furniture, too, would now cost you almost twice as much as ten years ago. *Has your fire insurance kept pace with this increase?*

Do you feel that your insurance will adequately take care of replacement, under present day values? Surveys show that it will not—unless you've looked into the matter very recently. And this type of insurance is so reasonable that *you cannot afford* to put it off a single day longer.

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LOW FARES						REGULAR FARES				LOW FARES	

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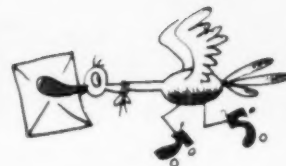


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HOW TO BOIL BLOOD

I've just finished reading *Held on Suspicion*, by John Clare (Sept. 15). I've been sitting here trying to simmer down, but the more I think of it the more my blood boils. That foolish girl must have very poor eyesight to mistake our Clare for that pudgy-faced so-and-so, Gus Hall.

Do the cops in Jackson, Mississippi, get their training out of grade D comics, I wonder? They seem to know how to humiliate a good Canadian and that's pretty well all. Maybe they didn't know where Canada was. Mrs. H. Post, Grass River, Man.

● John Clare's article is just too too amazing, but I know it is true as John is a Saskatoon product. Mrs. Frank R. Robertson, Bradwell, Sask.

● You have my deepest sympathy. Can you imagine how you would have fared if you had been a Negro? . . . Leave us not be naïve: worse, far worse, things happen to people every day, everywhere. To little people, who have not your unexcelled advantage of a public platform. — Frank Freeman, Hamilton, Ont.

● What is Clare trying to do—create an international incident? This is one of his best anti-American articles Maclean's has published yet. It should create quite a nice bit of hard feeling by our American friends, relations and neighbors. Mrs. S. M. Donald, Moncton, N.B.

Trash on the Stands

We wish to bring home to the reading public an urgent need of the day—the necessity for cleaning up the trash that litters the newsstands of every city and town . . . A great many periodicals and books are of a decidedly evil and salacious nature.

What is the remedy? Public awareness for one thing, and public protest for another. If all readers, particularly the fathers and mothers of growing boys and girls, would take the trouble to protest the exhibition and sale of these objectionable books, to protest to the authorities, to the issuing agencies and to the newsdealers, something would have to be done about the enforcement of the ban on immoral literature, and thus the morals of our youth would be preserved. Kathryn Macdonald, president, Chatham Praesidium of Legio Mariae, Chatham, N.H.

Maclean's in Korea

All of your articles (on Korea by Pierre Berton) have been read with great interest . . . and I am writing to congratulate you on behalf of all of us for printing the unadulterated truth about Korea and the war here.

I would like to thank the publishers of Maclean's for their generous distribution of their very fine magazine, which has been greatly appreciated by all ranks. Capt. Andy Foulds, 2 PPCLI, Korea.

Free copies of Maclean's, supplied by the publishers, are flown to Korea by the RCAF and distributed to the forward troops.

Roosevelt's Campobello

I was especially impressed with the article, F.D.R.'s Canadian Island (Aug.

15). Its author, Ian Sclanders, in this story written in his inimitable style, struck a nostalgic note in the heart of this former New Brunswicker . . . who was a teacher on Campobello Island in the fall of 1910. —W. Arnold Mercereau, Jansen, Sask.

A Heretic Speaks Out

I should like to express my deep and tender sympathy for those unfortunate gentleman, who, a short time ago, protested so earnestly that women have no sense of humor and furthermore are unaware of it (June 1).

I live in a little rural village in the Annapolis Valley. In such places we see our neighbors at close range and know the most of them intimately. I confess that I find most of the ladies of my acquaintance just as responsive to a good joke or a funny story as their husbands and most of them fully as interesting and intelligent to talk



to as their menfolk. This is rank heresy, but there are times when one simply must be a non-conformist.—John H. Calder, Somerset, N.S.

Advertising Protestantism

In reply to Arthur C. Hill (Mailbag, Aug. 1): Suppose a number of Ontario schoolteachers advertised Ontario textbooks to be used in Quebec schools. I am afraid their ads would be refused. A Catholic would consider an advertisement for a Protestant Bible as unnecessary as carrying coals to Newcastle.—T. Phelan, Edmonton.

● Like it or not, we live in a world of propaganda: Nazi, Russian, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Capitalistic, Socialistic, et cetera et cetera, and woe to the cause which ceases to advertise its merits! And make no mistake, the Christian faith is propaganda; the Lord Jesus Christ propagated it, and most certainly told His followers to do likewise. We cannot properly object to reasonable propaganda, but let us have freedom of propaganda, whether in Quebec or the Prairies, in French or English, Roman Catholic or Protestant. — L. A. Bond, Natal, B.C.

Enjoy Swift Train Travel In
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WIT AND WISDOM



For Whom the Bell Tolls—The employer of a young woman had to speak to her about her annoying habit of ignoring the telephone when it rang, and allowing other members of the household to attend to it.

"After this I want you to answer the telephone, Clarice," she said.

"Yas'm," the maid replied, glumly. "Seems sort of silly, though. Nine times out of ten it's for you."—*Halifax Chronicle Herald*.

Day of Reckoning—"Last week I lent you ten dollars for a day." "So you did. And, boy, what a day!"—*Montreal Star*.

Blithe Spirit—A widow, feeling she had been less than kind during twenty-five years of married life, tried to get in touch with her departed husband through a medium. "Are you happy?" she asked. "Now you're in heaven, of course, you'll be happier than you were with me?"

The spirit voice replied: "I'd better tell you straight, I'm not in heaven."—*Galt (Ont.) Reporter*.

Doctor of Philosophy—The old doctor had never refused a call, from rich or poor, but now he was tired. "Have you any money?" he asked a midnight caller.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then go to the new doctor. I'm too old to get out of bed for anybody who can pay for it."—*Victoria Colonist*.

He was a Planter Too—The city advertised for tree trimmers on a temporary basis. One applicant answered all the routine questions, then—

"What experience have you had in tree trimming?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," said the applicant, "I have trimmed our Christmas tree at home for 30 years."—*Hamilton Slater Line-builder*.

Letter of Recommendation—The bank president was strolling through the cashiers' cages when he spied an unfamiliar character briskly counting thousand-dollar bills. "You look like a bright young fellow," commented the banker. "Where did you receive your financial training?"

"Yale," said the character.

"Fine," beamed the banker, "and what did you say your name was?"

"Yohnson," was the reply.—*Halifax Maritime Merchant*.

Clerical Error—A minister was having a serious talk with one of his parishioners.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," he said, "education is a very important thing, and we parents must sacrifice our pleasures for our children's benefit. Do you know that I had to pinch like anything to send my boys to college, but I managed it."

"Yes," answered the woman, "but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."—*Edmonton Journal*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



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Spring comes early to BRITAIN

Side by side with the out-of-door pleasures of Britain in Spring you'll enjoy a galaxy of indoor, after-dark entertainments. Theatres, restaurants, floor-shows, concerts, opera, ballet—everything will be in full swing! Plan, now, a spring-time trip to Britain in 1952!

You've heard of the magic of spring in Britain! You've read of the flower-decked hedges and lanes! Plan now then, to come to Britain next spring. In April and May you'll find the country at its loveliest... and travel at its easiest! You'll find food plentiful in hotels and restaurants. You'll find you can use as much gas as you wish. The finest British goods await you in the shops, where, thanks to favorable exchange rates and special shopping privileges for visitors from overseas, good values abound.

Remember—spring comes early to friendly old-world Britain! Why don't you see your travel agent about reservations today for a trip next April or May?

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:
See your Travel Agent or apply to THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION,
(Dept. B), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, or (Dept. B), 331 Dominion Square Building, Montreal.

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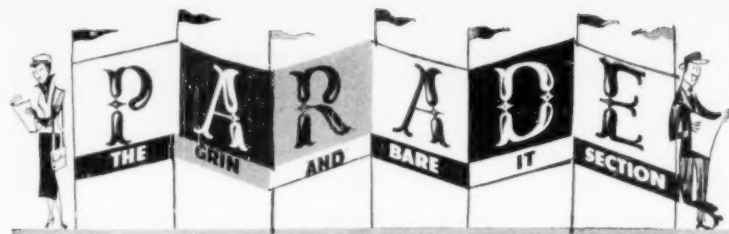
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ONLY OFFICIAL TIMER AT OLYMPIC GAMES



WALT DISNEY'S Alice in Wonderland was showing in Vancouver and the kids were loving it. One night the Cheshire Cat's song was interrupted by a voice over the public-address system, usually used for paging doctors. This time it was asking for "Nina Watson. Please report to the cashier's cage. Your mother is calling."

The call was repeated patiently several times. Finally the voice, with a note of unmistakable exasperation, said: "Will little Nina Watson who has been here since ten o'clock this morning PLEASE come to the back of the theatre."

A moppet reluctantly disengaged herself from the third row and, walking backwards, made her way slowly up the aisle.

A young deaconess with the Canadian Sunday School Caravan Mission had been visiting isolated homesteads in the Kootenays in B. C. One day, as the van approached a very isolated home they were watched with fascinated curiosity by a mother and her young son. Looking at the writing on the van which read: "St. Cuthbert Sunday School Mission, Anglican Church, Kootenay Diocese," the boy said suddenly, "Say, maw, what t'hell is that?"

As the smiling deaconess alighted his mother answered, "No son. Not what t'hell, but what t'heaven!"

The Yellowknife girl guide troop owns a Quonset hut of the type known as an "igloo." Since they use



it all summer for such courses as first aid and knot tying, they decided to have the building insured. The request for insurance was refused by an Edmonton firm with this reason: "It was thought unwise to insure an igloo due to such a structure's temporary nature and extreme susceptibility to climatic changes."

In Fredericton, N.B., the city fathers are hastily redrafting a traffic bylaw. A motorist hauled into court for not putting a nickel in a parking meter was released by the judge when it was discovered that a bylaw forbade motorists from parking in front of parking meters.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A B. C. farmer's vineyard was enticing close to the highway. One night he waited in hiding for raiders, gun in hand. The two couples he surprised carrying a box of pilfered grapes were very contrite and offered to pay.

"Let's see what you have there," said the farmer, turning a flashlight on the loot. "That green fruit isn't worth paying for. Come over here



and I'll show you some worth-while grapes."

He led them to another part of the field and indicated a trellis of fully ripe purple grapes and said, "Now these are really good. Try 'em."

Relieved, the young people politely tasted the fruit and prepared to leave. "Oh, no," said the farmer grimly, brandishing his gun. "You've only just started. You wanted grapes, and, by George, I'm going to see that you get them. You'll never want to see a grape again. Go ahead and eat."

A matronly customer recently phoned a Halifax department store and asked the price of "hose." The switchboard girl connected the call with the ladies' wear. A moment later the customer called again and said politely, "You gave me the wrong department. I want garden hose." In the hardware department a clerk informed her that garden hose came complete with couplings at \$8.50 for fifty feet. At last the patient customer exploded: "Do you sell H-O-E-S?"

A Calgary taxi driver was speeding to pick up a fare when he heard his car radio warn, "Car 39, Car 39. Be careful—there's a cop chasing you." Then a motorcycle policeman appeared on his left and when the car had come to a stop the cop picked up the cab's transmitter and barked: "Never mind, buddy, you're too late. I've already got him."



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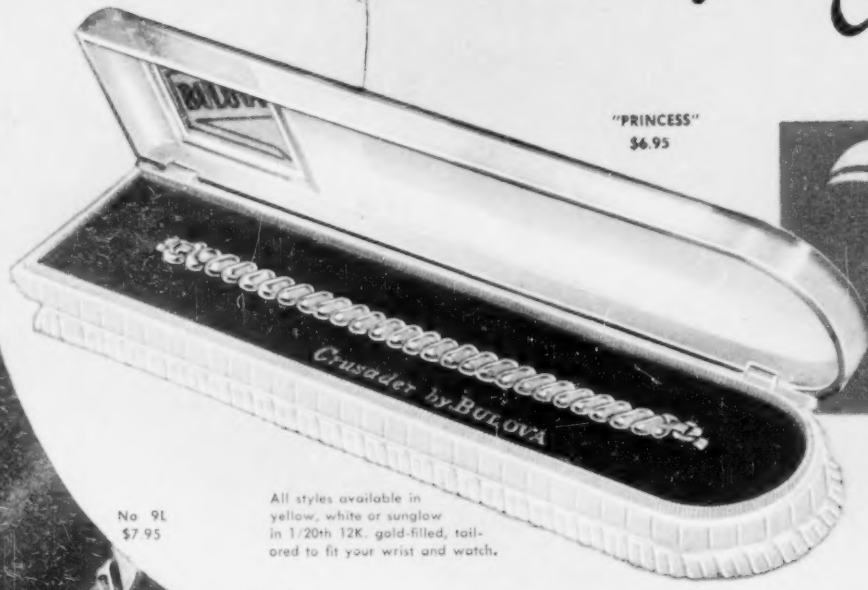
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